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COUNTRY LIFE

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MISS ISOBEL SELLAR.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
OUR FRONTISPIECE: MISS ISOBEL SELLAR - - -	221, 222
"PARTRIDGE SHOOTING BEGINS?" (Leader) - - -	222
COUNTRY NOTES - - -	223
PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN POET, by V. H. Friedlaender - - -	223
THE APPLE TREE, by M. E. Mason - - -	224
A NOTABLE STUD IN NORMANDY, by Sidney Galtry - - -	225
ANGLING IN CHILE, by George M. Robertson - - -	228
GOLF AND TOBACCO, by Bernard Darwin - - -	229
AT THE THEATRE: A FORGOTTEN FIGURE, by George Warrington - - -	230
EARLY SUMMER AT HIDEOTE MANOR, by H. Avray Tipping - - -	231
COUNTRY HOME: ERTHIG.—II - - -	234
THE BAD COMPANIONS, by Brenda E. Spender; OTHER REVIEWS - - -	240
ROADSIDE TREES IN FRANCE, by E. H. M. Cox - - -	242
WHEN RACEHORSE BREEDERS LOOK AHEAD - - -	243
CORRESPONDENCE - - -	244
Improvement of Grassland (Dr. Winifred E. Brechley, G. A. Cowie, R. F. George, E. Holmes and H. G. Robinson); A Courageous Rat (Clifford W. Greator); A Cream-coloured Courser (Richard E. Knowles); Housefly (Alexander Duckham); A Newcomer from East Africa; Armada Families (Alexander Jacob Reynolds); The Rose and Crown (G. E. Moodey); Dry Rot in a Norman Church (Maurice S. Cockin).	
THE ESTATE MARKET - - -	246
CABINETS FROM LOUIS XIV COLLECTION, by J. de Serre - - -	xxxiv
THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD - - -	xxxvi
THE TRAVELLER: FROM CAIRO TO KHARTOUM - - -	xlii
TRAVEL NOTES - - -	xliv
THE "FIRST" - - -	xli
THE GARDEN: THE BULB ORDER - - -	247
THE LADIES' FIELD - - -	1
The Tweed Suit and the Return of the Tuck-in Blouse; Economising Space in the Summer Week-end Outfit, by Kathleen M. Barrow.	
FROM THE EDITOR'S BOOKSHELF - - -	liii
"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 30 - - -	liv

EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs and sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return, if unsuitable.

COUNTRY LIFE undertakes no responsibility for loss or injury to such MSS., photographs or sketches, and only publication in COUNTRY LIFE can be taken as evidence of acceptance.

"Partridge Shooting Begins?"

IT would be a splendid thing for our partridge manors if the First of September was, so to speak, a fixed feast and a holiday of obligation like the sacred Twelfth. If we could really depend on the first of September as an opening date, partridge ground would command nearly as high a rental as grouse moors; but the visiting American, although willing to admit that driven partridges in an English setting are nearly as good as grouse in Scotland, is himself a migrant. He has to be back in the States before October, and the indifferent time-table of our partridges has little attraction for him. It is very seldom, as a matter of fact, that we can truthfully say that "partridges were strong on the wing on the first of September." The statement appears, of course, as a hardy annual in many newspapers, but in actual practice it is hardly one year in seven that partridges are either ready or accessible when the season opens.

Last year was an exception. A very dry, hot summer brought birds on well. There was a bumper season in many districts, and as crops were carried phenomenally early, the sportsman had a clear area of stubbles to work. This year the agricultural seasons are rather out of joint. The early dry spell meant an excellent hatch. The July thunderstorms were very local, and though there was rain,

only a few places were visited by serious floods, and calamities with young broods were not widespread. On the other hand, the continuance of rain, the cold winds and the general lateness of the harvest in many places have moderated the general optimism which prevailed. It should be a good year, but it will also prove to be a late one unless a prolonged fine spell allows crops to be carried at an exceptionally rapid rate.

The growth of partridges is not a simple matter, but is very much dependent on the interrelated factors of sunlight and food supply. Six weeks ago many coveys were noticeably well grown and forward, to-day, if we disturb them in their special corner of the field, we find that they have not maintained the rate of progress. They are still fine young healthy birds and well fledged, but they are not quite as big as they should be, and their short flights do not promise a very brilliant opening week. They will, one decides, be shootable by mid-September, but really ought to be saved for October. Now, in most years we find the same lateness of development, and only in exceptional years the particular forwardness, so it is worth while considering whether the climate has changed or what it is that makes our observed normal so much at variance with tradition.

It seems very possible that not climate, but custom has changed. Partridges were, in the past, usually immature at the beginning of the season, but our ancestors shot them young and tender without any particular scruples of conscience. Before close time was invented, birds were shot in August. In fact, so far as can be gathered, the guns were out on the stubbles as soon as reaping was finished. The harvest of those days was carried as soon as possible, but harvesting was a longer process and the reaping hook left a rough stubble twice as high as the present close crop of the reaper and binder. Birds lay close in the old knee-deep stubble, and the guns worked to them with dogs and took a steady shot at the rise of the covey. They did not want them too wild or too quick and strong on the wing. Driving was unheard of, and as the season advanced the partridges packed and became a hopelessly inaccessible quarry. To-day it may seem as if our ancestors were rather unsporting, but if we remember that their rate of fire was incredibly slow and that the old muzzle-loader took nearly a minute to reload, with the whole line halted while the operations were performed, we must admit that they had very practical reason for not being too—well, fanciful.

Nowadays, in the first week of September, if most of the corn is in, one can walk up, and with experienced shots, one can select old birds. At the best it is good sport with a strictly limited bag, but it serves to get the dogs into practice and shows one what is on the ground. If, on the other hand, most of the corn is standing, it is, as a rule, pretty hopeless work. You may see a few birds, but most will be in their natural refuge and feeding ground, the standing crops. What seems well worth while considering is whether summer and early autumn feeding of partridges would not pay far better than our winter dole. There is, it is true, plenty of wild food about, but, as any poultry keeper knows, an abundance of cereal grain means growth and fattening, and many keepers hold that partridges do not reach full strength until they are on the stubble. A dole of corn in August when the season is late might add a little to the expenses of the shoot; but if it meant that birds were really full grown and shootable by early September the money would be far more than repaid by the gain in the extension of the real as distinct from the strictly legal shooting season.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Miss Isobel Sellar, younger daughter of the late Lieutenant-Colonel T. B. Sellar, C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Sellar. Miss Sellar's engagement to the Marquess of Graham, elder son of the Duke and Duchess of Montrose, was announced in July.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES

EVERYBODY who likes to think of cricket as a recently conducted game must have felt perturbed by the events following the choosing of England's team for the last Test Match. The Selectors, rightly or wrongly, acted, at any rate, bravely, and from a sense of their duty decided to leave out Mr. Chapman and appoint a new captain. They are neither idiotic nor dishonest, but are distinguished and experienced cricketers who should know all there is to know on the subject. This, however, did not prevent thousands of people who know very little about it from rushing in to air their views. Cricketers who ought to have known better described the Committee's choice as "a disgrace," and newspaper writers, who very likely do not know better, fanned the flame of excitement by talk of possible demonstrations of disapproval at the Oval on the day of the match. More thoroughly vulgar and silly behaviour it would be hard to imagine, and we think it extremely regrettable that Mr. Chapman allowed himself to be tempted into writing an article on the question of his being left out. He would have better consulted his own dignity and that of cricket by saying nothing.

OF the actual play in the Test Match it is difficult to say much at the moment of writing, since there are yet, humanly speaking, several more days of it to come, in which all sorts of unexpected things may happen. Despite the really heroic holding of the fort by Sutcliffe and the splendid way in which Wyatt backed him up at an intensely critical time, it is hard not to be a little disappointed over England's first innings as a whole. Several times they seemed to hold the whip hand, and then gave away their advantage and more also. We grudge the getting out of Hobbs and of "Duleep," when each seemed likely to stay in for ever, and then fell into the very amiable, human error of taking a risk. Still, when all is said and done, 405 is no mean score, even in these days of new standards and gigantic totals, and, judging by the clouds, the barometer may yet prove a good friend to England. Finally, it is well to remind ourselves that there are more serious things in the world even than cricket and, whoever wins this match, the world will not come to an end. It is very easy to suffer from Test Match hysteria.

THE little controversy that has been going on in *The Times* between the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings and a Brewery Company over the too drastic "restoration" of an inn in Salisbury is not without a wider importance, for it marks an extension of the Society's propaganda campaign. What happened was that the very common mistake was made of doing away with the modest eighteenth century plaster and sash windows, which harmonised the building with its neighbours, and the staining and supplementing of the timberwork thus exposed, so that the inn became glaringly "old world." When

the S.P.A.B. complained, the owners, in effect, retorted, "Well, what *do* you want? We thought this was the sort of thing we ought to do." In a very illuminating reply, Mr. Powys explained that the true object of reconditioning is to preserve the balance of reality, allowing neither the formal, nor the archaeological, nor the "quaint," nor the mere economic aspect of the work to predominate. Readers of COUNTRY LIFE understand this delicate matter well enough, but the general public have as yet only got as far as appreciating "quaintness" for its own sake—as any building scheme is sufficient to show. To many of them the S.P.A.B.'s respect for the *status quo* must appear contradictory, and the Society will have a long uphill fight before it succeeds in inculcating appreciation for the subtle harmonies of time and texture.

A VERY interesting announcement has been made by the National Pony Society to the effect that at the September Meetings of the Pony Turf Club at Portsmouth two races will be run which are confined to polo ponies already registered or accepted for registration in the National Pony Society's Stud Book. For some time past the Society have been anxious to increase the value of their pony stud-book by including breeding stock that has been tested by speed as well as play. It is quite obvious that there is nothing to prevent fillies and young stallions being trained and raced up to 4 or 5 years old. The fillies can then be entered for polo and follow their legitimate destiny, and the stallions, if they have shown speed and stamina, will be far more easily "read" and more valuable to pony breeders for stud purposes. Exporters at present give preference to stallions in the G.S.B., but these, being bred for racing only, are not necessarily of the type best suited for producing polo stock. From this point of view, pony racing has, so far, not fulfilled any special purpose and the so-called ponies raced have been largely blood weeds, and the chief interest has lain in the betting. The new races contemplated, which are being confined to polo-bred stock and not intended for the benefit of these blood weeds, should greatly help to develop the type suitable for breeding polo ponies, the demand for which is constantly increasing and the supply of which is definitely short.

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN POET.

"God! Did you really have to do it—
Bring such a look on a woman's face?
These eyes gazed out on defeat and knew it,
Before they closed in a desert place."

"Son, when I grant a heavenly sweetness
For earth, the jar must come down sealed:
Breaking, her heart achieved completeness—
The vessel shattered, the soul revealed."

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

IT is some satisfaction to know that the Great Chamber of Gilling Castle, the wainscot, stained glass, frescoes and other component parts of which were recently sold, is not actually going to America. It is to join the Queen Anne room formerly in Hazelgrove, Somerset, at St. Donat's Castle, which now belongs to Mr. Randolph Hearst, the American newspaper king. St. Donat's is a fortified manor house built round an irregular quadrangle on the rocky Glamorganshire coast, and was made habitable some twenty years ago by Mr. Morgan Williams of Aberpergwm. Later it was bought by Mr. Richard Pennoyer, who sold it a few years ago to Mr. Hearst. It is a wonderfully romantic building, as the illustrations showed which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE, August 24th, 1907, and used to be haunted by an interesting assortment of ghosts. But it contained little original interior decoration, and these rooms should look as well in it as they ever can look out of their original situations. But the despair of the Canterville ghost, as described by Oscar Wilde, will be nothing compared with that of the St. Donat's crew when they find their rooms re-panelled out of all recognition.

INJURY will be added to insult when American customs officials decide that a hopeful collector's "find" is a fake and make him pay a higher import duty than if it

had been genuine. It is always bad enough to have one's judgment called in question, but to lose at one fell plunge one's reputation, the antique value of one's purchase and 25 per cent. of the object's price will produce harrowing scenes at the ports of America. The high tariff to be levied on the import of "fakes" into the United States is not imposed in accordance with a laudable ethical principle, but to supplement the recent increase of tariff on "manufactured goods" and the simultaneous decrease on works of art. The effect of the tariff was that large quantities of obviously new stuff were asserted to be antique. The new regulation limits the import of old furniture and the like to certain ports where experts will be in attendance to "vet" it. The effect in Europe will, no doubt, be to send up the prices of genuine antiques to still more fantastic heights, and to stimulate the faker to more consummate ingenuity.

A GOOD many people are still doubtful as to whether breeding will receive, as everybody hopes, a great deal of help in the future from the profits of the Totalisator. At the present moment the Betting Board of Control professes to be quite satisfied with the position. But those who see more of the actual racing than, perhaps, the Board of Control themselves, are not at all happy about it. In this country we have to deal with a system of decentralised racing, which involves, except on the big occasions, comparatively small crowds, and the result is that the Totalisator has been unable to capture the big money betting, without which there can be no substantial pools and profits, and the stay-at-home backer has held aloof because the pools were so small and the dividends so disappointing. In these circumstances it looks as though it would be a considerable time before even current expenses—not to mention interest on borrowed money—can be met from the Totalisator profits. We do not, of course, wish to say anything that is likely to harm the Totalisator. What we wish to suggest is that changes in the method of administration might be made which would result in getting big money on the racecourse and the "away" money into the machine. To begin with, a great deal of responsibility might, with advantage, be transferred from the Betting Board of Control to the racecourse executives.

THE Central Council for Health Education has been telling golfers that, in order to get the full benefit of the game, they should carry their own clubs. Moreover, they must not, it appears, use any of those club bags with stands which obviate stooping. It is the stooping that is so beneficial; the health-seeking golfer must pick up his own clubs and tee his own ball. Many a golfer has taken to teeing his own ball nowadays since comparatively messy sand was superseded by nice clean little pegs, and in America all golfers must needs do so because the free and independent caddies there deem so servile a task beneath them. So far perhaps so good, but with all respect to the Central Council, we gravely doubt whether most golfers would be the better for carrying their own clubs. Two rounds of golf, especially in hot weather, are quite reasonably tiring even with a minion to carry our clubs. Still less do we agree with the statement that "the extra exercise imposed by hunting for your own or your opponent's ball is another advantage you lose where caddies are employed." Hunting for golf balls, whether your own or anyone else's, is infuriating in the highest degree, and inflicts far more wear and tear on the temper than it does good to the body. But, perhaps, the Central Council is only, as Jerry Cruncher would say, "a-cocking of its medical eye" and gently laughing at golfers.

TO many people, no doubt, the idea of a night journey in a sleeping car is associated with painful necessity. But to others it is romance itself: the dark bustle of departure, the knowledge that morning light will reveal the purple moors or the golden south, the wonder of swift transit through the night, and, not least, the ingenious compactness of the car itself. For them merely to think of a "sleeper" produces a tingling of the nerves, a sense

of freedom and luxury. They can have scarcely borne to read the description of the new sleeping cars brought into use by the L.N.E.R., with their full-sized beds, blue stippled woodwork, and fascinating arrangements for ventilation and lighting, all controllable from the pillow. To one passenger at least the thrill of rushing northwards in such ingenious luxury would preclude any possibilities of sleep. But there is no doubt that the railway company is wise to introduce improved designs, not only in sleepers, but in ordinary first and third class carriages. Only by employing imagination to make railway travel indisputably more comfortable will they succeed in meeting the competition of the road. On certain other lines imagination is exactly what is lacking. Trains are late and abominably crowded, many passengers having to stand for hours. At the holiday season it is obvious that more carriages are needed, and they should be available. It is such discomforts that drive passengers to make use of road coaches,

THE subject of good or bad English always rouses the argumentative and abusive instincts, and Mr. A. G. Peskett, by writing a letter to *The Times*, has lighted a candle which will scarcely be put out as long as the Editor likes to leave it burning. Everybody will sympathise with him in his denunciation of the expression "same." It may be that we owe it originally to the lawyers, to whom it is sometimes useful, but the villains of the piece-to-day are those writers of commercial jargon who insist on saying "re" when they mean "about," and "same" when they mean "it." In the first case, they save three letters; in the second, they waste two, so that the total balance in their favour is negligible, an argument which probably appeals more strongly to them than the fact that they are debasing and vulgarising their mother tongue. On some more debatable points there is sure to be a difference of opinion. Some correspondents, for instance, allude with horror and loathing to "It's me." Technically they are in the right; of that there is no shadow of doubt, and yet many of us at this time of day would feel self-conscious and pedantic if we were to say "It is I." There seems no way out of the difficulty save the use of some elaborate periphrasis: but then that is not "good English."

THE APPLE TREE.

This laden apple tree, doth hedge me round
With heavy boughs, nigh-weighted to the ground
And every separate apple shining red.
Some subtle scent,
Is with the warm September evening blent,
As if a vine
Gave forth the perfumed prescience of its wine—
Lovely as all the promise of the Spring
This apple harvest ripe for gathering . . .
When in the chimney nook the firelight glows,
And Winter snows
Shall level all the land,
And starkly as the dead—
The orchards stand—
Then well I know
That I once more shall see
This joyous apple tree
Sway in the rising wind,
And call to mind—
As in my dream I pass
The thud of apples—falling on the grass.

M. E. MASON.

IT is not uncommon to see notices in fields adjoining roads to the effect that mushrooms are cultivated in them. The intention is obvious. No one who trespasses without doing damage commits an offence, and to pick or take away wild produce, such as primroses, nuts and blackberries in their seasons is not larceny. Now, normally, mushrooms are wild produce, but it may be that scattering salt or fertilisers increases the crop. How far, then, can a farmer turn wild mushrooms into cultivated ones in this way, and so convert an act which would otherwise be innocent, into an offence against the law? A notice-board is, of course, no evidence whatever of

cultivation, it merely brings home the claim to the mind of the trespasser. The latter then takes his chance whether he commits an offence or not in gathering the mushrooms. If he takes the risk, it is arguable that he cannot complain if he is convicted; nevertheless, offences should clearly be proved, and a mere symbolical scattering in the corner of a ten-acre field ought not to convert a rightful act into

a wrong one. It would be a nice question whether blackberries could be reserved by any sort of cultivation; the non-botanist might doubt whether the wild blackberry was not the last word in fertility. In any case, of course, if the farmer chooses to get up earlier than the trespasser, he can order the latter off, and gather his own mushrooms or blackberries.

A NOTABLE STUD IN NORMANDY

MR. A. K. MACOMBER'S SIRES AND MANY MARES.

I AM writing of a notable breeding stud which I have never seen, though some of its most important inmates have at one time or another come under my personal observation. That I—in common with all who are intimately interested in breeding in this country and who make a point of keeping in touch with racing and breeding in France—should be continually hearing of it is not strange. It is Mr. A. K. Macomber's Haras Du Quesnay, Beaumont-en-Auge (Calvados), France.

The United States is the homeland of Mr. Macomber, but in Europe, and France in particular, he has made his home for many years. To this country he has paid many visits of brief duration in years gone by, though it is seldom that I have met him on any of our leading racecourses. I shall not be wrong in assuming—indeed, it must be a fact—that he has found England distinctly useful for the exploitation of some of his best racehorses, most or all of them of his own breeding I take it, and for the mating of his mares at the Haras Du Quesnay with the cream of our best stallions.

Mr. Macomber's outlook on racing and breeding has roused my admiration on many occasions. One may at times envy his ability to do what he does; one simply must admire his way of doing it.

I have been to his racing stables at Poissy on the outskirts of Paris, so that I am not exactly writing in the dark of the character and style of the Haras. Nothing will be stinted here. My mind goes back to Poissy, which is nothing less than a show place among the racing stables of the world. We have nothing like it in this country with its modern buildings, artificial heating, hygienic ventilation, and a real racecourse outside for the realistic training of the horses.

Major Dudley Gilroy, who is Mr. Macomber's very able general and racing manager, showed me over Poissy a few years ago. From Poissy he sent over to us Forseti to win the Cesarewitch and Masked Marvel to win the Cambridgeshire in the same year. What a double event that was, and, incidentally,

what large cheques had to be sent over the strip of water in celebration of the fact! It was Mr. Macomber's Insight II who won the Cambridgeshire in the year following, and I shall always think that the same horse won for the second time in 1927, when the judge gave a dead-heat between Medal and Niantic, with Insight II beaten a neck into third place.

It was Rose Prince who won the Cesarewitch in the Macomber colours in 1923. I shall have something to say of that horse presently, as also of Parth, who represented Mr. Macomber in the 1923 Derby, to finish third to Papyrus and Pharos, while in the following year he won the Jubilee Handicap carrying top weight of 9st. All those were great triumphs to be recorded in the name of one man and with a very few horses which he either sent over specially for the occasion or had in training here. And all the time in France the Macomber horses were winning many races, keeping their owner high in the lists of winning owners and breeders.

I am indebted to Mr. Macomber's very able stud manager, Captain Malone, for some most interesting details as to the location and character of the stud. He mentions that the whole acreage is well wooded, and, in fact, takes its name from the abundance of old oak trees, *quesne* being the old French word for oak. It is situated in France's richest grass country, the department of Calvados, about six miles from Deauville and about three miles from the sea as the crow flies.

Calvados, I might explain, is the most important centre in France for the breeding of thoroughbred horses. Important studs in the vicinity are those belonging to Baron E. de Rothschild, M. de St. Alary, who we know so well in this country, and the Haras de Varaville, which belongs to Mr. Clement Hobson, whose writings as "Faraway" in *Horse and Hound* give us so much pleasure.

Now climate, as everyone knows who is concerned with stud management, is of much importance. I am assured that severe and prolonged frosts are very rare in Calvados. They



Fra & Griggs.

LE HARAS DU QUESNAY, CALVADOS: THE ENTRANCE.

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have a mild climate with copious rain, and, being in proximity to the sea, they are guaranteed heavy dews which have so much to do with maintaining the grass supply.

It will explain how Mr. Macomber came into breeding if I say that the Château de Glanville and several farms were acquired by the late Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt in 1910. He converted them into a stud farm, from whence came practically all the notable horses that carried his colours in France up to the time of his death in 1920. Then it was that Mr. Macomber purchased the stud, the racing stables at Poissy, and all the horses, that is to say, stallions, mares, yearlings, foals and horses in training.

It must obviously have been a tremendous transaction. The paddocks cover about 350 acres. They are undulating, and for the most part are well sheltered, well drained and are fenced with reinforced concrete. I do not know of any stud in England at which reinforced concreting is used for fencing purposes, but Captain Malone assures me that, though they have about ten miles of such fencing, there has never been any serious accident which could be attributed to such fencing. Foals learn to respect it from their earliest days, while it has the great advantage of lasting practically for ever.

Present-day ideas, as I have seen them expressed in stud architecture, do not necessarily favour centralisation of the buildings. The Haras Du Quesnay buildings, however, are essentially centralised. They are built in the Norman style and form four sides of a square containing no fewer than 114 boxes, the stud groom's house, four foaling boxes, boiler house, crushing shed, etc. They are in the centre of the property, and the paddocks radiate from them and form a circle. In addition there are thirty-six boxes dotted here and there in lots of from six to ten, but on the whole centralisation of the buildings is the main feature.

It should be added, however, that the stallions, of which there are four in residence at the present time—Rose Prince, Parth, McKinley and Phusla—are housed quite apart from the main buildings. Each has his own paddock, into which he is turned loose daily from the end of the season until early winter, when they are taken up and ridden in their exercise work during the winter and spring.

I have mentioned the four sires as being McKinley, Rose



SUN BONNET, WITH FILLY FOAL BY PHUSLA.

Prince, Parth and Phusla. Three of them I have seen on our racecourses. McKinley I have never set eyes on. I have had to be content with merely reading of him when his name has cropped up as a winning sire. For instance, his son Masked Marvel was one of the smartest three year old winners of the Cambridgeshire we have had in recent years. By the Bay Ronald horse, Macdonald II, McKinley was from the mare Mrs. Despard, who was a daughter of Isinglass. Another of McKinley's offspring to race in this country was Hermit II, who made such an impression as a two year old that the official handicapper, Mr. Dawkins, placed him very high in his Free Handicap of that season's two year olds.

Captain Malone is good enough to tell me that McKinley is 100 per cent. dominant for bays or browns, and that so far he has never sired anything but one or other of those colours, no matter what colour mare he was mated with. It is worth recalling that this fourteen year old horse first raced in Spain as a two year old, winning four races. As a three year old in France he won the French Two Thousand Guineas and was fourth for their Derby.

Of Phusla, I have only a faint recollection. He was foaled in 1918, a son of Maintenon, who, according to H.H. the Aga Khan, is one of the best horses they have had in France for at least a score of years past. Maintenon is the maternal grandsire of Palais Royal II, a horse which is well known of recent seasons to English followers of racing. Phusla's dam was the American-bred mare, Pope Joan, by Disguise out of Editha, who was a full sister to Melton. As a two year old, Phusla won six races, but failed to stay as a three year old. He did, however, retain his brilliant speed as he demonstrated when failing only to beat the brilliant Epinard, who was receiving 10 lb., in the race for the Prix Gros Chêne of five furlongs at Chantilly.

After a season in England—he did not go back without winning—Phusla was sent to the United States, where he was at the stud for two years in California, returning to France late in 1928. Captain Malone modestly says his foals are promising, and that in addition to a couple of two year old winners this year in America he has had two winners out of three runners in France. Here, I suggest, is an attractive proposition for the breeder who is after quick returns. Phusla has proved already that he can get winning two year olds. He has certainly been quick to step off the mark.

Rose Prince's Cesarewitch I well remember. He did his bit in delaying the time when I shall be rich, for just a few inches of his head intervened between me and my big hope that year for the Cesarewitch—the Aga Khan's Teresina. I have no need to look up references. The facts will never fade from my mind, how he was sent to Newmarket to have the finishing touches to his preparation applied by Sam Darling, and how, ridden by the American jockey, Archibald, he held off the Aga Khan's high-class three year old filly, who was receiving 9 lb. to gain the verdict by a short head.

Prior to that important success Rose Prince had won five good races in France, and the following year in England he impressed me by his way of winning the Alexandra Stakes of two



Frank Griggs.

ROSE PRINCE, BY PRINCE PALATINE, WINNER OF THE CESAREWITCH.

Copyright.

miles and six furlongs at Ascot. Assuredly he was a big hearted stayer, and you would expect such a horse not only to receive much patronage from our breeders but to have a very definite success as a sire. I cannot claim for him that he has had such success. Perhaps he is a victim of the craze to use only the speedy horses, or, shall I say, the middle distance performers, ignoring the stout-hearted and good constituted stayers. Some day there will be a rude awakening.

A few winners, it is true, he got during his career at the stud at Newmarket, but he was never properly appreciated though his fee was a most moderate one. So Mr. Macomber decided to have him brought back to France where there is greater importance attached to breeding from sires that are proved stayers. Thus he comes to be now at the Haras du Quesnay. Rose Prince, I may add, is a son of Prince Palatine and Eglantine, a French-bred mare by Parth from Rose de Mai.

Who does not recall the Derby of 1923, when the "P's" filled the first three places—Papyrus, Pharos and Parth? All are alive and doing well at the stud to-day. Papyrus is at Mr. Hornung's West Grinstead Park Stud, Pharos was leased by Lord Derby to France, and here at the Haras du Quesnay is Parth, now ten years old, by Polymelus from Willia, by William the Third from Gadfly, by Hampton. Parth was bought by Mr. Macomber after the horse had shown very considerable promise on the race-course. As a yearling he had cost 1,600 guineas. In all he won about £22,000 in stakes, his successes including the Tattersall Sale Stakes at Doncaster, the Grenham Plate at Newbury, the North Sea Stakes at Redcar, the Churchill Stakes at Ascot, the Jubilee Handicap and the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, in which last named race he beat all the best French horses. Certainly he was a high-class horse, and, in my opinion, he got progressively better as he got older. He has been at the stud since 1926, and each year up to the present his subscription list has been full. I feel certain he will do well.

Now as to the mares. During the season just concluded no fewer than forty foals were bred there to the sires Parth, Phusla, McKinley, Rose Prince, and Golden Boss, the last named being in England and the property of Mr. Macomber. One gets some idea what a lot of mares there must be on the place. They are of English, French, and American origin, with quite a leavening of the latter as Mr. Vanderbilt imported several by Domino and Disguise. Although the Domino mares have disappeared, three of those by Disguise still have descendants in the stud. One is Maskette, by Disguise from Biturica. She was the winner of the Futurity Stakes twenty-two years ago, and the dam, among other winners, of Maskara (dam of Masked Marvel), Maskoki (dam of Masked Bandit), and Masketting. The family is now represented by Maskara, by Dorrit, Masketting and Masquerade, by Maintenon, and Maskolista, by Hollister out of Maskoki.

Pope Joan (1904) is represented by Phusla and Priore, both by Maintenon. Court Dress (1904), by Disguise out of Hampton Belle and tracing to Queen Mary through Haricot, is the dam among others of Insight II, Arrowhead, Courtland, and Inaugural, who produced Whiskaway in the United States. Court Dress is now represented by Robe Brulee, a daughter of Bruleur.

Mr. Macomber has spent money freely on services to the most expensive sires in England, and to-day there are many young mares of unexceptionable breeding at the Haras which are a guarantee of themselves of success in the years to come. There is a full sister to Filibert de Savoie in Bona de Savoie; a daughter of Swynford and Brumelli, who was the best mare of her year in France; one by Gay Crusader from Lysia, the latter being a full sister to Stratford; a daughter of Gallop Light and Ashpar, by Spearmint from Baroness La Fleche, and another by Hurry On from Hapline. Meddlesome Maid, by Irish Lad out of Colonial Girl, was one of the best of her year in France, winning the Prix Conseil Municipal in 1926. Only a very few have been mentioned. It would take far more than the space available now to do anything like justice to the extensive and elaborate character of one of the most notable studs not only in France but in the world.

SIDNEY GALTREY.



PARTH, THIRD IN 1923 DERBY, AND WINNER OF £22,000 IN STAKES.



PHUSLA, BY MAINTENON, SIRE OF WINNERS IN AMERICA AND FRANCE.



Frank Griggs.

MEDDLESOME MAID, A MARE AT LE HARAS DU QUESNAY.

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ANGLING IN CHILE



THE CAMP AT PUCÓN WITH VOLCANO VILLARICA.

THE fishing grounds of Chile are easily accessible by rail from Santiago. Rod fishing is unrestricted. There are no private waters, as all river beds are Government property, and riparian proprietors are obliged to give access to the banks. Leaving the capital by the evening express—sleeping and dining cars attached—one reaches Lautaro, on the Cautín, in the early morning; or by means of motor car from Temuco or Freire, he can be at Lake Villarica, forty miles or so from the railway, by midday. There is good accommodation to be had at Temuco, Villarica and Pucón.

The village of Pucón, picturesquely situated at the upper end of Lake Villarica, is one of the best centres for the angler. Here he may put up at the hotel, or, as the writer prefers to do, he may rough it in camp under ideal conditions. Should the river at Pucón become discoloured and unfishable, fly fishing is still to be enjoyed on the river Toltén, which, since it runs out of the lake, is clear under all conditions of weather. The change from one end of the lake to the other, about fifteen miles, is readily made by motor launch.

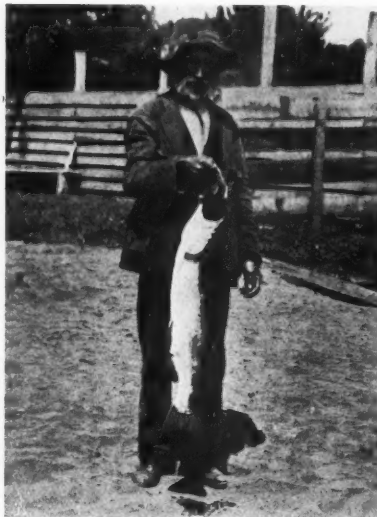
The Chilean rivers have proved peculiarly suitable to the development of the salmon-trout. They provide an apparently unlimited supply of feed, including water-snail and cangrejo (a small fresh-water crustacean). The history of

the fishery is worth recounting. It was at the beginning of the century that, after a preliminary survey, the Government decided to stock the rivers with salmon-trout. In 1905 the first hatchery was established on a tributary of the river Aconcagua, near Los Andes, and a second was established later at Lautaro on the river Cautín. The result has been, one may venture to say, an unparalleled success. The rivers south of the Bío-Bío (longer than the Thames) have been stocked with rainbow trout (*S. irideus*), Lake Lemán trout (*S. lemanus*), brown trout (*S. fario*) and other species, evidently without much detriment to the indigenous trucha (*perichthys chilensis*) and caque (*pejerrey*).

The fry are to be seen in thousands in the shallows and backwaters, and so great is the quantity of fish in the rivers that colonies of cormorants have forsaken their sea haunts and built their rookeries in forest trees far from the coast. Rainbow trout run to over 30lb. in weight, and brown trout up to 15lb. have been taken by rod and line.

Fish from 3lb. to 12lb. are plentiful and rise freely to the fly. Wary monsters lurk in the deeper pools, and it requires the highest skill to circumvent them. The largest fish caught, though not by rod, is reported to have measured 1.35 metres, or about 52½ins. Trolling

from boat with large fly, spoon-bait or artificial minnow is much practised, and large numbers of fine fish are so taken,



OUR GENERAL HANDYMAN.
Formerly a bandit chief.



TIMBER RAFTS (BALSAS) ON THE RIVER TOLTÉN. (NOTE THE OARS.)

but as this is rather "catching fish" than fishing, it will not long appeal to the angler, nor satisfy his sporting instincts.

And now I must give some practical hints. A light fly rod, 10ft. to 10½ft., and fairly fine tackle will give the fisherman all the sport and thrills he can desire. Salmon and loch flies, preferably with silver body, are suitable for Chilean waters—Silver Wilkinson, Silver Grey, Dusty Miller, Jock Scott, etc. Waders

are essential, as the rivers are broad and deep; in fact, the Tolten is unfordable throughout its entire length from Lake Villarica to the sea. And, finally, to the adventurous spirit who would enjoy some splendid river scenery and undergo thrilling and exciting



A SATISFACTORY MORNING'S WORK.

salmon-trout, and in due time will provide a further attraction for the angler, a new source of wealth to the country, and will repay the laudable efforts and foresight of Chile's progressive Government.

GEORGE M. ROBERTSON.

experiences in the way of shooting rapids, is recommended a day's trip down the Tolten on a "balsa" or timber raft.

A further and most interesting experiment in stocking the rivers is now being made—this time with *Salmo salar* from the North Pacific. Three species, including *S. quinnat* from the Columbia River, have been placed in some of the lakes, viz., Villarica, Puyehue, Llanquihue. No doubt this will result in as great a success as the introduction of

GOLF AND TOBACCO

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

I WAS re-reading the other day in *Golf, A Royal and Ancient Game* an article reprinted there from the *Cornhill* of 1867. It is an entertaining article, conceived in a comparatively frivolous spirit, and deals with the everyday golf of St. Andrews at that time. I only want to quote one short passage from it. There is a description of a foursome in which two players called Browne and Gurney are partners. Browne's drives go terribly astray in the breeze and poor Gurney has a prickly time in consequence among the whins. After yet one more wild tee shot of Browne's there is "another search, another ineffectual uprooting of a whin, and Gurney again emerges, but this time, wonderful to relate, with a comparatively cheerful countenance. He takes out his cigar-case, lights a cigar, and walks along contentedly smoking it, and apparently enjoying the scenery. This is a fatal sign. When a man smokes, he is either winning very easily or has given up all hopes of winning."

That last statement has set me wondering as to whether it is true at this time of day, when golfers, and everybody else, smoke so much more than they did. Of a cigar it may possibly be true still. For most men a cigar does denote a comparatively care-free, holiday and reckless state of mind. We may, to be sure, come out after luncheon with just a stub of one left to finish, puff it during the first hole, and then throw it away and settle down to serious business. We hardly light one in the middle of the round unless nothing but a miracle can cheat us of victory or save us from defeat. Mr. Travis, of course, is the historic exception; he deliberately smoked cigars during the crises of championships, and I think Mr. Mure Fergusson used occasionally to do so likewise without fighting any the less dourly, but as a rule a cigar denotes either triumph or despair. As regards any other form of smoking, the writer in the *Cornhill* would be hopelessly inaccurate to-day. Many golfers smoke almost continuously through the round; but, leaving them on one side, when I see a man light up I do not think that his match is over one way or the other; I guess that he is having a hard fight in which he has received some sudden and unpleasant shock; he has just taken three putts or he has got into a bunker in playing the one off two and lost a hole he ought to have won, or haply his beast of an enemy has holed a chip from off the green. A cigarette in a medal round may be interpreted as signifying that the player after doing pretty well has just had a horrid six. The circumstances of different courses naturally alter cases, and I am sure many a medal player must have lighted a cigarette on the eighteenth tee at St. Andrews with feelings too deep for words. The road hole of nameless dread is over and, short of topping into the burn, nothing very frightful can happen to him now. The same sensation of relief is not experienced at Hoylake with that cross bunker still to surmount, nor at Westward Ho! where there is the burn relentlessly

guarding the green. In such cases the player will not relieve his pent-up feelings for another five or six minutes.

The habits of the great men make an interesting study in this respect. We must leave out of account Ray with his perennial pipe or Mr. Hilton with his cigarettes. It is the more occasional smoker that is to be observed. Mr. Bobby Jones gets through a certain number of cigarettes and each one seems to have a slightly different function. He often begins with one, just to help him, as one imagines, until he has settled down into his stride. After that there may be quite a long interval, and when I see the next one lighted I always fancy that he is not entirely pleased with himself; either he is not quite happy about some particular shot—and we know his standard is a very high one—or, in an eighteen-hole match, his adversary is hanging on rather too closely and refusing to crack. And, of course, he wants to smoke, as do the least illustrious of us, after a catastrophe in a scoring round; I am pretty sure he did so after that appalling seven in the last round at Hoylake. Once upon a time—it is one of the historic facts that seem quite incredible—Walter Hagen beat Bobby by 12 up and 11 to play in a 72-hole match and some unkind reporter wrote that Hagen had gone round in 71 strokes and Bobby in 75 cigarettes. That was certainly a scandalous libel and the champion's own statement in his book may be quoted: "I do light a good many in a hard round. Light them, smoke them a bit, and throw them away. It's something to do, and seems to release a little of the tension." That is a reasonable statement of our own humble point of view.

The mention of Hagen reminds me that he seems to vary his smoking habits. I remember that when he first won our Open Championship he was held up as a model to us because he severely knocked off tobacco before a championship, and he certainly did not smoke while playing. I can recall very clearly the sight of him indulging himself in a cigar when he thought it was all over, though, in fact, Duncan was at that moment making the heroic spurt which failed by a single stroke to catch him. At Muirfield last year, on the other hand, Hagen got through quite a lot of cigarettes, and goodness only knows that they did not seem to do him much harm.

This matter of smoking is one in which each of us has his private beliefs or superstitions, and I am inclined to think that the doctors have theirs too; they fiercely tell us not to smoke if they are non-smokers themselves, and if they do smoke they tell us cheerfully not to worry about it. My own private belief is that if I do not smoke while golfing I am a rather more unpleasant opponent, because I get more cross than usual; at the same time, I am not quite so easy to beat as usual, because the particular form of crossness engendered by abstinence makes me go on fighting. Whether anyone else has this most unengaging idiosyncrasy I do not know. I have sometimes wished that golf was like cricket and that one was not allowed

to smoke on the field of play: in the absence of temptation there would be less agony and one might play better. There was a time when it was considered casual and disrespectful to smoke while playing in a serious match. I do not remember to have seen a professional smoke in a match until the great Vardon, who was also a pioneer in the matter of knickerbockers, did so. In the University match I feel almost certain that nobody would have thought of smoking in my years. To be sure, I had not then acquired this wicked habit myself, so perhaps my recollection is not to be trusted, but I feel tolerably sure. I remember, too, a friend of mine, who did very well in a championship in Scotland in the 'nineties, telling me that some of the crowd resented his cigarettes. That is all changed to-day, and if we see our adversary smoking like a chimney we are very far from thinking him disrespectful; he is paying us the highest compliment he can by appearing anxious as to the result.

In the cricket records that I used to pore over as a little boy there was a mighty score—no doubt it is in *Wisden* now—

made by the non-smokers against the smokers in a match in Australia. I do not know if such a match at cricket would be possible now, but such at golf it would be terribly one-sided. Once upon a time the non-smokers could have led off with Taylor and Braid and Mr. Laidlay, though I have seen all three indulge, and Mr. Laidlay, I fancy, has altogether fallen from grace. To-day I cannot think of any really eminent persons to play for the non-smokers. There must be some, I suppose, but I cannot name them. Mr. Harrison Johnston, the American amateur champion, was under a temporary vow of abstinence when he was here this summer, but it had a time limit. I am not sure about Barnes. I rather think he is one of the virtuous ones, but I may be wrong. The smokers would certainly win, and though, perhaps, they might win still more if they were non-smokers, we cannot prove it. The motto for most golfers, good or bad, is that of "Little breeches" in *Pike County Ballads*:

"I want a chaw of terbacker
And that's what's the matter with me."

AT THE THEATRE

A FORGOTTEN FIGURE

IT has been said that one cannot indict a nation, and I find equal difficulty in reviewing so comprehensive a volume as Mr. S. M. Ellis's *The Life of Michael Kelly*. At the present day Kelly is not even a name, and one would be on the safe side in saying that probably nobody living ever saw him, since he died one hundred and four years ago. On the other hand, whenever one makes a statement of this sort there is always an old lady at Southsea who distinctly remembers being held up at a window and being told that the individual below was the person one happens to be talking of. Still, Kelly was a great figure in his day and in a world which has totally passed away. He was present at a quartette-party given by Storace, the composer, and the players were as follows:

The First Violin	HAYDN.
The Second Violin	BARON DITTERSDORF.
The Violoncello	VANHALL.
The Tenor	MOZART.

Very few people, I imagine, have ever read anything about Kelly, whose *Reminiscences*, when I came across them in the Charing Cross Road a year or two ago, were distinctly in the nature of a lucky find. Hazlitt makes Northcote say in his *Fourth Conversation*:

Northcote said, he had been reading Kelly's *Reminiscences*. I asked him what he thought of them? He said, they were the work of a well-meaning man, who fancied all those about him good people, and everything they uttered clever. I said, I recollected his singing formerly with Mrs. Arnold, and that he used to give great effect to some things of sentiment, such as, "Oh! had I been by fate decreed," etc., in "Love in a Village." Northcote said, he did not much like him: there was a jerk, a kind of *brogue* in his singing; though he had, no doubt, considerable advantage in being brought up with all the great singers and having performed on all the first stages in Italy. I said, there was no echo of all that now. "No," said Northcote, "nor in my time, though I was there just after him."

Young Kelly, who rose to be stage-manager of the old King's Theatre in the Haymarket, a post he occupied for thirty years, was born in Dublin round about 1764. His father was Master of Ceremonies at the Castle and a wine merchant of considerable reputation in Mary Street, who was "known for his elegant and graceful deportment, and no lady would be presented at the Irish Court, who had not previously had the advantage of his tuition." His mother was of a very respectable family in West Meath. Both parents were "excessively fond of music and considered to sing with taste." Dublin, in Kelly's early days, could boast of much musical excellence. The boy could remember Mr. and Mrs. Barthelemon, Le Vacher, Pepe, La Motte, Cramer, Salomon, Pinto, Ritter the bassoon-player, Crosdil the 'cellist, Fischer the great oboe-player. The singers included a Miss Jameson, who was a pupil of Dr. Arne, Mrs. Cramer and Rauzzini, so handsome that in Rome, where women were not permitted to appear on the stage, he invariably performed the part of *prima donna*. Rauzzini, to his undoing, was invited by the Elector of Bavaria to visit Munich. For there "an exalted personage became deeply and hopelessly enamoured of him, and, in spite of his talents, it was suggested to him that a change of air would be for the benefit of his health. He took the hint, and left Munich. He then engaged himself

at the Italian opera in London, where he attained the highest reputation both as a singer and composer; and his acting as Pyramus, in the opera of 'Pyramus and Thisbe,' was so fine that Garrick has often complimented him on it." As a youth Kelly went abroad provided with letters of recommendation to Sir William Hamilton—at that time *chargé d'affaires* at the Court of Naples—a grand piano, a gold watch and ten guineas. Here, in the *Reminiscences*, there follows an incident worthy of Marryat:

My father had a small country house near Drumcondra, with an extensive garden; his gardener, whose name was Cunningham, had a son, a very fine young man, who was a great favourite with all the family, and received many marks of kindness from my father, which he repaid to me when a child, by continued acts of affection. Poor Jack, however, degenerated, became a drunkard, associated with depraved companions, and left my father's service; shortly after, he was implicated in a burglary, tried and transported to America.

My voyage took place during the American War, but the ship I was on board of, being a Swede, was under a neutral flag; yet, in the Bay of Biscay, we were hailed by an American privateer. Our captain lay to, while a set of the greatest ragamuffins my eyes ever beheld, boarded us. A sturdy ruffian began to break open my piano-forte case with a hatchet, which, when I saw, I *manfully* began to weep, and cry out, "Oh! my dear piano-forte," etc., etc. The cabin boy, who was about my own age, called out, "For God's sake, don't cry, MASTER KELLY." The chief mate of the privateer, on hearing these words, turned round, and looking steadfastly at me, said, "Is your name Kelly?" I answered "Yes." "Do you know anything of a Mr. Thomas Kelly, of Mary Street, Dublin?" said he. "He is my father," was my reply. The young man immediately started up, ran to me, clasped me in his arms, and with tears in his eyes, said, "Don't you remember me? I am Jack Cunningham, who, when you were a little boy, nursed you and played with you." He seemed quite overcome with the unexpected meeting, and made the most affectionate inquiries about my family, when, after examination, the Captain finding that our vessel was really a neutral, left us. Jack again embracing and blessing me, took leave of me, and we soon lost sight of them. I have never heard of him more.

Kelly made his *début* in Florence, and thereby became the first British male singer to perform in Italy. Lord and Lady Cowper were present, and also the Pretender, "who entered his box before the opera began. He was at that time very old and infirm, yet there appeared the remains of a very handsome man. He was very tall, but stooped considerably, and was usually supported by two of his suite, between whom he hobbled; in this state he visited one of the theatres every night (he had a box in each); in a few minutes after he was seated, he fell asleep, and continued to slumber during the whole performance. The Italians always called him King of England, and he had the arms of England over the gates of his palace, and all his servants wore the royal livery. The Order of the Garter, which he wore when I saw him, he left to his natural daughter, Princess Stolberg."

Kelly agreed with Linley to make his English *début* in the part of Lionel in "Lionel and Clarissa," on April 20th, 1787. But though an operatic swell, he was still very young. Dr. Arnold, in the presence of Madame Mara and Linley, joint proprietors of Drury Lane, said: "Pray, Mr. Kelly, tell us what sort of singer is Signora Storace?" "The best in Europe," replied the lad unthinkingly. Which prompted jealous Madame Mara to declare him an impertinent coxcomb! Kelly, however, survived the lady's wrath, and also a

commemorative performance of "The Messiah," held in Westminster Abbey with the help of several hundreds of instrumentalists and some hundreds of singers. So the Crystal Palace is not responsible, as one thought, for these afflicting orgies. And now we approach that great era of the British stage—the days of Lamb's "Old Actors." Elliston, according to Kelly, played Carlos "With great judgment and feeling, considering his youth (this was in 1791 when the actor was forty-seven years of age!) and considering, moreover, that Kemble was the Zanga." Bensley was "a good actor, and a perfect gentleman. I have seen him often, with great pleasure, act Prospero in 'The Tempest,' and Iago and Pierre: his Malvolio, in 'Twelfth Night,' was considered a fine performance. He had a manner of rolling his eyes when speaking; and a habit, whenever he entered the green room, of stirring the fire with great ceremony, *secundum artem*, in which habit, I was in the habit of imitating him; he caught me once in the very act, and joined heartily in the laugh against himself." Dodd was "an actor of the good old school. On my first appearance at Drury Lane, he performed the part of Jessamy, in 'Lionel and Clarissa'; and although then bordering on his sixtieth year, I never saw it so admirably represented; indeed, all his fops were excellent, particularly Lord Poppington, and Sparkish in 'The Country Girl.' I have often seen him, with infinite pleasure, in Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Abel Drugger, and Old Kecksey in 'The Irish Widow.' He was an entertaining companion, very fond of

convivial meetings; he knew a vast number of comic songs, and was *renommé* for recounting good stories, although it must be confessed they were somewhat of the longest." Of Palmer the elder and, according to Doran, the more coxcombical, we read, "no actor was ever more generally efficient; in some characters he was excellent, in none indifferent. His acting as Joseph Surface, Stukely in 'The Gamester,' Dyonisius in 'The Grecian Daughter,' Young Wilding in 'The Liar,' Sir Toby Belch in 'Twelfth Night,' was perfection." Kemble comes to life again in a score of words or so: "I never shall forget Kemble's attitude as the Monk in Lewis's romance immediately after his entrance; his dress—the look—the *tout ensemble*—struck me to be more than human. He was hailed with the most rapturous applause; but he stood motionless, with uplifted eyes, and apparently regardless of the public tribute." This justifies Hazlitt's pronouncement that Kemble did not raise tragedy from earth, but lowered it from the skies. Kelly was present at Kean's *début* as Shylock on that famous 26th of January, 1814, and at his first appearance as Richard III. But I could go on for ever. The Reminiscences from which I have gathered the foregoing are a delightful mine, and Messrs. Gollancz are to be congratulated upon having discovered it. If I have not quoted a single word from Mr. Ellis, it is because I should like to quote them all, and that would be a great many. But his book is as fascinating as it is long and handsome.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

EARLY SUMMER at HIDCOTE MANOR

IT is difficult to catch the Hidcote garden napping. You go unexpectedly at what, in other gardens, is an off season and you think you will find it in curl papers and having a rest cure. Not a bit of it. Just as usual, it is in gala dress—Court train and tiara, cut velvets and coloured damasks, splendour of purple and gold!

Six months ago (COUNTRY LIFE, February 22nd) it was described as it had been in the previous September and January. Now let us take a glimpse of it as it appears in early summer. Look at peonies, irises and primulas (Figs. 4, 5 and 6), and you will conclude that June was the real month of display, that July would show it as an area of seed pods and withering stems, with just some promise of an August recrudescence of colour from late summer blooms. That, after rainless weeks, was very much the picture my own garden presented, and it would have been a consolation to have found Hidcote in like condition. It was almost a shock on July 10th to find it in perfection. Was I just a little bit like Balaam: did I go to disparage and am I

constrained to praise? Well, anyhow, I do praise, and very wholeheartedly.

I followed much in my previous footsteps, but saw different sights. In the forecourt *Lilium centifolium* was only getting ready to repeat its previous season's bloom heads at a height of eight or nine feet, and *Magnolia Delavayi* was at the same stage. But the climbing *hydrangea* (*H. petiolaris*) was flowering up to the house eaves, and two twelve-foot high bushes of *Plagianthus* *Lyalli*, pinned against the wall, were hung with thousands of their large pendent white blooms. So placed, this none too hardy plant will bear the winters in most parts of England, and should be much more used than it is. In milder regions than the Cotswolds it does perfectly well in the open, and becomes a small tree of the utmost beauty and value as being among the few tree flowerers at so late a season, and so may be classed with *Eucryphia pinnatifolia*, which blooms even later. A point about the *plagianthus* is that it never looks shabby, as many shrubs do, from the clinging on of dead flowers. In the *plagianthus* they fall in their



1.—LOOKING EAST DOWN THE GREAT ALLEY.



2.—PRIMULAS AND CRANESBILLS IN THE WATER GARDEN.

prime, and, like *Halesia tetraptera*, carpet the ground with white that looks like virgin snow.

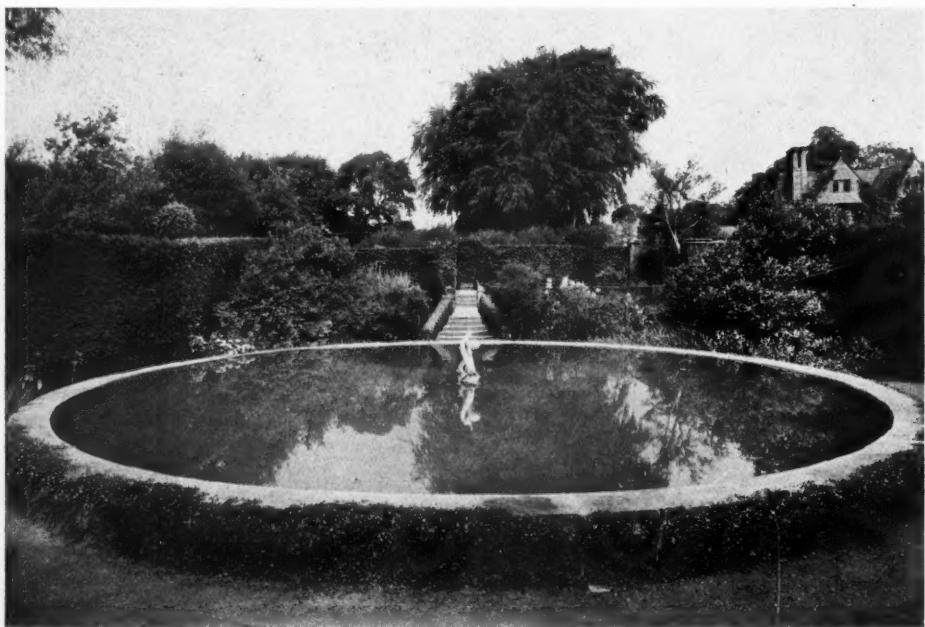
Passing through the wicket at the north-east corner of the house, we find the box-edged squares of the little parterre bedded with lavender blue nemesias and *Petunia Silver Lilac*, from which rise standards of heliotrope, harmonising with the colour scheme and scenting the air. Great tubs of pink *Hydrangea hortensis* at the corners complete the arrangement. Crossing this to the main garden, we find, against the south side of the house, a sheltered border in which pink alstroemerias and yellow *eremuri* associate with *Lilium regale*, stout-growing and carrying heads of up to a dozen flowers on stems 5ft. high. Opposite here we see down into the little yew-enclosed phlox garden. The phloxes promise well, but, as their time is not yet, gaiety is introduced by the Martagon lilies, white and purple, that stand high among them, while the yew hedges and arches are splashed with the scarlet of *Tropæolum speciosum* which, even in its favourite Scotland, cannot do better than it does here. Next we come to where a small rose garden intervenes between the great alley and the round pool. This rose garden consists, on each side of a central path, of a round bed framed by four segments, and is a show of exquisite roses in exquisite condition, the pink Gruss am Aachen exceeding in floriferousness as she concentrates her endeavours at this season and gives very

little of a second flowering. Through this we descend the steps to the great, clear pool so still and rippleless in the illustration (Fig. 3), but liable in this sunny season to become an animated Lido on a small scale, where bathers joy in its limpid freshness.

From here we can turn down into the wild and water garden, a rough paved path winding by the side of the trickling rill which is the happy home of many a marsh plant. The June scene (Fig. 2) shows such irises as *sibirica* and such primulas as *japonica*, *Beesiana* and *Bulleyana*, occupying the stream bed; while a length of a rich purple geranium (*fibricum* or *platypetalum*, no doubt) lines the other side of the path. Now, except for the later flowering *P. Florindæ* (Fig. 6), astilbes are taking the place of primulas and *Agapanthus Mooreanus* and *intermedius*, that have established and spread themselves here despite the upland Cotswold climate, are preparing for their August revel of steely blue heads. Higher on the banks, amid varied and interesting shrubs, tall perennials such as *Campanula celtidifolia* look down on us in mass formation.

Leaving the little hollow, we climb on to more open regions of semi-wildness, again much given to shrubs, rare and beautiful, but where also there is space for a display of simple annuals, so that a remarkable effect has been achieved by carpeting rifts of the charming little blue *Gilia achilleifolia* and by grey-green shafts of opium poppies with their gorgeous great heads of double flowers in various hues.

Soon we come to where



3.—THE POOL.

the rock garden is set with gems from such families as dianthus, gentiana and campanula, while, on the other side of the grass path, the large rectangle of bearded irises that displayed its varied hues in June (Fig. 5) is bare of blooms on this July day. But when we turn from the high western garden region which we have reached, eastward to lower ground, we are met by another excellent rose display, here beds of the newest, and there a border of the old types and varieties that pleased our grandmothers and please us still. Soon a bank of purple *Salvia virgata* and of red *Pentstemon Newbury Gem* dazzles the eye to the right, but is cooled to the left by the white cascades of Lemoine hybrids of philadelphus such as the double rosace and the single avalanche, just as elsewhere we find younger examples of the newer Norma and Atlas, for there are few meritorious plants at all suitable to the soil and climate of Hidcote that its alert owner does not promptly introduce, whether it be a species or a hybrid.

Next, we return to the great alley of which peonies were the proudest June occupants (Fig. 1) and among which was that grand creation of M. Lemoine, the yellow *Esperance* (Fig. 4). Now the peonies are trim leafage only, but high above them many a lily displays its beauty. *Croceum* and *umbellatum* look up at you, while *testaceum* has shot up a hundred rockets and hangs its apricot stars almost above your head. It would be difficult to find any spot where this "Nankeen" lily is better placed and more flourishing. The Hidcote soil—the Cotswolds being a limestone area—is not favourable to lilies of the *auratum* type, but full use is made of all lilies that are not violent lime-haters. Thus we have already noted the fine display of *L. regale* in the house border, while the Turn Caps, Martagon and Chalcidonicum, are the July colourers of the phlox garden. *Testaceum*, no doubt a long ago invented hybrid between *L. candidum* and *L. Chalcidonicum*, is one of the very best of its genus, easy to accommodate as lilies go, healthy in leafage, tall in stem, graceful in habit, charming in the poise, form and colouring of its flowers. The delightful groups of it at Hidcote at once convince one that it "should be in every garden." A big demand would no doubt lead to a lowering of price, for it is a bulb not prone to disease and easy to multiply in quantity from bulbils or scales.

Its value has been thoroughly appreciated at Hidcote, where the effective use of botanical material has been so intelligently considered. How much matured creative thought, tasteful and experienced guidance and constant and capable culture have gone to the making of so continuously perfect a thing as the Hidcote garden you will wonder at the more the oftener you visit it. There you may study the problem of not only how to plan and plant mixed borders of shrubs, perennials and bulbs, but how to make them successionaly interesting and perpetually trim. As one crop goes off flowering its oncoming neighbour has been so well combined with it that—timely removal of spent heads and withered leaves being attended to—it throws a friendly veil over its predecessor's deficiencies. It is easy to plan and maintain a garden that is to be seen for one short yearly season only. But that is exceptional. Most owners of gardens wish to derive from them prolonged if not perennial pleasure. The problem is to translate this wish into reality. The perfection of such translation is to be found at Hidcote.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

This garden will be open on Saturdays, August 23rd and 30th, on payment of 1s. on behalf of the Children's London Garden Fund.



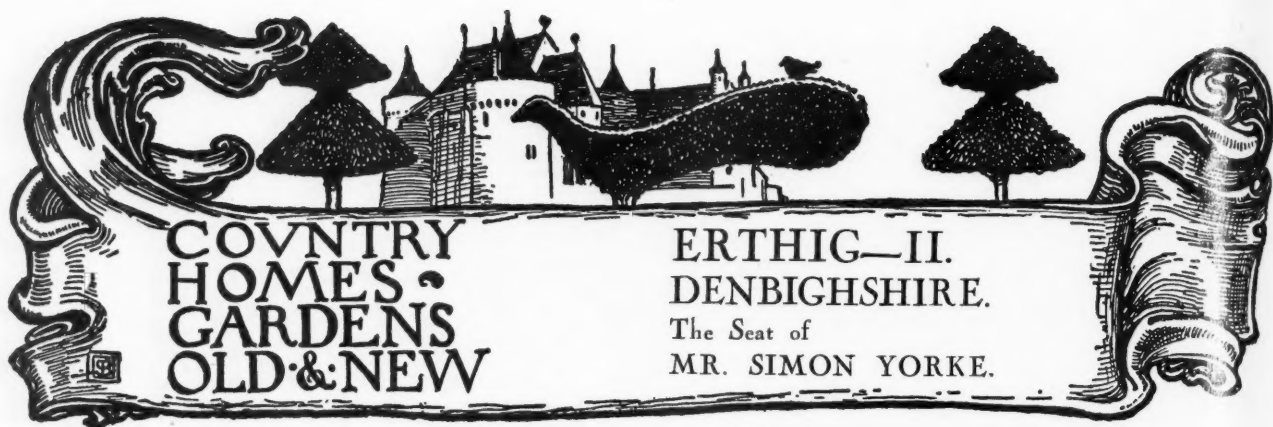
4.—PÆONIA ESPERANCE.



5.—BEARDED IRISES.



6.—PRIMULA FLORINDÆ.



*The record of the furnishing of Erthig in George I's reign is remarkably full.
There were slight alterations in George III's reign.*

AFTER the downfall of the spendthrift Joshua Edisbury, the estate of Erthig came into the market, an order having been filed by the Court of Chancery for the satisfaction of his creditors. Its purchaser was one John Meller (son of John Meller, citizen and draper of London), one of the principal mortgagees and a Master in Chancery. In 1716 Meller bought out the principal mortgagee, Sir John Trevor, and in 1718 entered into complete possession. On the left-hand corner of his portrait, part of a line from Virgil's first Eclogue, " . . . Nobis haec otia fecit," has been added in grateful allusion to the inheritance he handed down.

Of the bell-metal weights and measures preserved at Erthig, one set bears the inscription: "From his Majestyes Exchequer. For the use of John Meller Esq Fee Farmer of the toll within the town of Wrexham in the county of Denbigh. Anno Domini 1716." The house, when the property was bought, was (according to John Prince, a carpenter who had worked for Edisbury for above twenty-four years) "the best fitted up of any house in the county," the rooms on the first and second floors all well wainscoted, while one room was "fineered and floored with walnuttree," and the chimneypieces "curiously fitted up with marble" or with freestone. But

it is the personality of Meller, rather than Edisbury, that is impressed on the house, which, when Meller first came into residence, must have been stripped of furniture, except for a few things "laid aside in the Blue Closet." He now set to work to furnish it with all the luxury he could command. His eldest sister, Anne, had married Simon Yorke (uncle to the Lord Chancellor who was created Earl of Hardwicke), and their son Simon, who became John Meller's heir, wrote from London to Denbighshire on affairs of the day, such as the Great South Sea Bubble, and the furnishing of Erthig. Mention is made in his letters of the "wrought bed" in the State Room, and of the tapestries which hang in the small room on the north side of the saloon, which are of Soho workmanship. Simon Yorke, who, unluckily, does not mention the weaver's name, writes that these hangings are finished in December, 1720, but that he will not forward them to Erthig without orders because of possible damage, "the Roads being very full of water."

In the State Room on the first floor (Fig. 2) there are *chinoiseries* of many dates, but all combined into a most attractive and coloured amalgam, set off by the Chinese paper with a green ground. Earliest is the Chinese lacquer screen sent to



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1.—THE LATE CLASSIC DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

2.—THE STATE BEDROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

3.—THE LONG GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

this country in 1682, to Joshua Edisbury's wife; while the japanned chairs date from the early reign of George I. In the bed (Fig. 4), the hangings of oyster white satin, finely worked in silks with Chinese figures, birds, sprays and bouquets of flowers in colours in which pink and brown predominate, are relieved by gilt details of the visible woodwork. The material is fixed on to the back, the head board and the tester, and upon the fanciful shell set within a scrolled border at the top of the back. In the centre of the tester (Fig. 6) and at the angles are set embroidered peacocks. While on these portions of the

the latter end of next weeke." She added that she was "very desirous of having the Bed out of her hands, & for that purpose hath send several times to hasten them." The gilding on the finely carved eagles' heads, and other details of the bed, is well preserved. It was, no doubt, of this embroidered bed that Philip Yorke, a later owner of Erthig, wrote in 1772, ordering his steward, John Caesar, to measure "the old wrought bed, the headboard, and tester thereof, . . . with the hollowings or coves, to know how much linnen it would take to cover them."



Copyright.

4.—STATE BED MADE BY HUNT, 1720.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

bed and on the curtains Chinese *motifs* predominate, the ornament on the cornice and valance is European in feeling, although a pagoda-*motif* is introduced. The valance is edged by a deep silk fringe.

In a letter dated April 17th, 1720, Simon Yorke writes that he had called upon a Mr. Hunt, "to press his sending the bed he is making," and that Hunt's wife had told him that "the Bed as to their Worke hath been finished long since, but the gilding & carving is not ready, nor will be till towards

It was no wonder that the house and its contents are of interest in neighbours and visitors, who, according to Richard Jones, Meller's steward, "admired the Hall and Furniture mitiley" in 1724. Ten years later, John Loveday in his tour describes "Mr Meller's seat of Brick" as handsome and furnished "in ye grandest manner and after ye newest fashion. The staircase & rooms are Wainscotted with oak & have ye convenience of Dressing Rooms for servants. They are furnished with mohair, caffoy, Damasks, etc. The grand

apartments are below stairs." A year later, John Meller was succeeded by his nephew—"Simon Yorke of Erddig," as he is called on his portrait, to whom Badeslade's view of the house is dedicated. Simon Yorke, who succeeded to Erthig at the age of thirty-four, was at no time brilliant or distinguished—"a pious, temperate, sensible country gentleman of a very mild, just & benevolent character," according to his epitaph, which is betrayed into no enthusiasm. He married in 1739 Dorothy, daughter of Matthew Hutton of Newnham, a house in Hertfordshire long since demolished. After the marriage the Yorkes did not (it is recorded) return to Erthig until May in the following year, when they made "a publick entry into Wales," the "Bride driving very slow through the town & taking a very respectful & proper note of everybody who shew'd her any regard from the highest Rank to the lowest." On Simon Yorke's death in 1767 he was followed at Erthig by his son Philip.

Philip Yorke's closest friend was Brownlow, son of Sir John Cust of Belton, Speaker of the House of Commons. When Philip Yorke, however, wished to marry Elizabeth Cust, Sir John stipulated that their joint income should be adequate to their position. In a letter written to Philip by Brownlow Cust in September, 1767, we read that Sir John "was possessed of such an high opinion & esteem of you, that honours & great fortunes will be infinitely inferior in his value to you with a competency, & the consent & approbation of your friends. . . . As to fortune he apprehends there would hardly be a sufficiency between you. He will give my Sister five thousand pounds upon her Marriage, & will add the other five upon my Grandmother's death or my marriage, whichever happens first. The interest on £5,000 is £200 a year, & I doubt the utmost that you could add to that would not make your income £1,000 per annum; for less than which you could not live comfortably: my father says you ought to have £1300 or £1400 per annum & with that & the approbation of Mrs Yorke and your Uncle, he has such a very high opinion of you, that he would rather marry his daughter to you than to a man with fortunes and honors five times as great. . . . Besides this, he thinks my sister too young to marry, & would rather she should continue single two years to come." It was not until after Sir John Cust's death that Elizabeth Cust married her suitor. Her portrait by Francis Cotes, in romantic pastoral dress with a crook in her hand, hangs in the dining-room at Erthig. Philip's prospects depended upon the will of his bachelor uncle, James Hutton of Newnham, known in the family circle as "Little Profligacy." His sister, Dorothy Yorke, wrote of him in a letter (now lost): "My poor brother is dying slowly of drunkenness & debauchery & when I remonstrate with him he damns my eyes." This is quite in keeping with her comment in a letter to Philip, which has, luckily, been preserved, in which she grieves at James's "dreadful excess in Drinking," adding "I beleieve the Duce is in all old Bachelors. I think they are against all virtuous proceedings. . . . I do not for his whole fortune wish you to be much with him lest it should taint your sobriety." When "Poor Profligacy" died in 1770, to everyone's satisfaction, his will was a just one, and the bulk of his possessions were left to his sister, Dorothy Yorke, with succession to her son. Thus Philip Yorke succeeded to Newnham, a house richly furnished by Matthew Hutton about the same date that John Meller was fitting up Erthig, and a house in Park Lane, together with much furniture, plate and china, which was not immediately dispatched to Erthig. There are several references in his letters to his steward about the removal of furniture from Newnham.

Of the four sons of Philip and Elizabeth Yorke, Simon, the eldest, succeeded his father; and his three daughters, "being the only young ladies in the neighbourhood who received a London education, were looked up to as pattern cards by all the other young ladies in that part of the country who had not had similar advantages. The eldest Miss Yorke was the most elegant young woman in the circle in which she moved, and as amiable as she was elegant. She



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5.—HEAD OF STATE BED.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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6.—TESTER OF STATE BED.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—LATE GEORGIAN BED IN THE WHITE ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

8.—THE BLUE BEDROOM

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fell a victim to consumption at twenty-five years of age." Her sisters and two brothers died in youth.

After the death of Elizabeth in 1774, Philip Yorke married a neighbour, a Mrs. Meyrick of Dyffryn Aled, of whom an acid portrait is drawn by "Nimrod." "A better woman," he writes, "never lived, but were an example wanted to show how studiously, how expressly it is ordained that our frail nature shall never arrive at perfection, the good nature of the lady bordered on weakness, her humanity was allied to indolence, her piety was tinged with superstition, the characteristic of the Welsh."

Philip Yorke, whose portrait (Fig. 13) was painted by Gainsborough, sat in Parliament, "where, however, from a certain natural diffidence he never opened his lips." He was a companionable man, gifted with "that species of humour distinguished and admired by Cicero as being of domestic growth," a lover of the classics, a writer upon genealogy, and author of *The Royal Tribes of Wales*. "Nimrod's" character of him, published in *Frazer's Magazine* of 1842, is worth quoting:

As an accomplished gentleman and companion I have yet to see his equal. That he was a highly bred gentleman is not saying much, for he was highly born, and received the best education that the institutions of his country afforded. He had no great respect for the mountain Welsh, great or small, . . . and whenever he saw anyone who had been to spend the week at Caros Hunt, the first question he asked was not what sport but who had fought. He would often sit for a quarter of an hour without uttering a word, without indeed seeming conscious of where he was and what he was doing, shaking one leg crossed over the other, when he would at once break forth with some amusing anecdote. His sneeze! why it resembled the report of a musket, and on one occasion he was sitting in Marshfield Church with his back to an old gentleman who had fallen asleep in the sermon, when one of his tremendous sneezes exploded and the old gentleman, imagining that the tower of the church which was known to be unstable was falling about his ears, actually tumbled to the ground with fright and died soon after from the effect of the shock! There was altogether something about Mr. Yorke, something irresistibly amusing, not only in his conversation but in his actions, his gestures, in fact his general deportment.

He is described as an "accomplished gentleman and companion," who, with an income of seven thousand

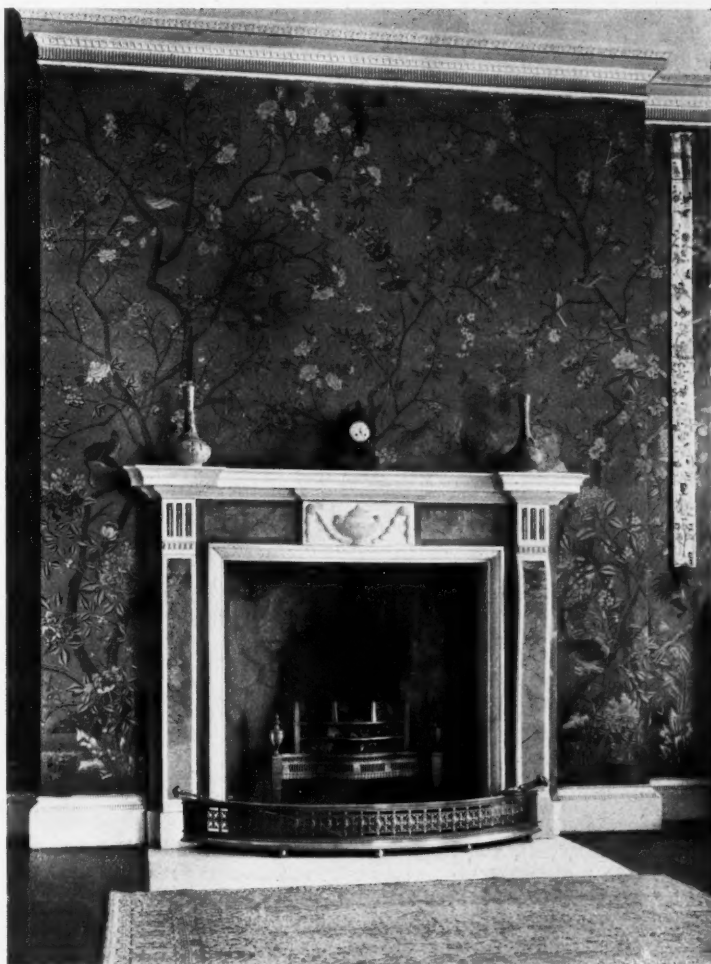
a year which he spent royally, had "never a shilling in his pocket, and when losing at whist, always appealed to his wife." On horseback he cut a singular figure in an age when competent horsemanship was universal. "His favourite hackney was a cream-coloured mare with a black mane and tail, and her rider in pure absence of mind hung on chiefly by his silver chain spurs. He also wore a cocked hat and in cold weather an immense military cloak; and when riding the hilly road from Erthig to Dyffryn Aled, used to walk most of the way, for the mare was "too furious to carry him uphill, and he was too nervous to ride her down." The stable, while sheltering draught horses, did not contain a hunter. His kindness to his servants is mentioned by "Nimrod," and long service was the tradition of the establishment. He published a book of rhyming prose, appropriately named *Crude Ditties*, and was the author of some of the lines affixed to the portraits of old servants in the remarkable picture gallery at Erthig, where their setting is as suitable as it is unique—a record of "the constant service of the antique world."

His taste for natural beauty was, according to a notice of his death, "very correct," and he took pride



9.—THE RED BEDROOM.

in the walks and drives in his woods, which he opened to the public on the mildest restrictions. According to a notice put up on his park gate, he "having at great Expense, and the labour of many years finished the Grounds and wood walks about Erthig, desires to acquaint his Neighbours that they are extremely welcome to walk in the same for their health and Amusement. All that he requires is that they will enter and return by the Path across the centre of the Meadow over the Wooden Bridge; that they will keep to the gravel'd Paths, and not disturb the grass or Turf; that they will not pull any of the Flowers nor meddle with the Trees or Shrubs. Mr Yorke is satisfied that the better sort of People will most readily comply with his wishes in that Respect." He was also responsible for the facing of the west front of Erthig with a buff-coloured local stone; and it is said that the mortar for this work was prepared from a special receipt. But he left Erthig almost unaltered; and his son, Simon Yorke, did little but make the present dining-room. Before 1814 the dining-room had been the long central apartment now known as the saloon. "On either side of the saloon were three small chambers, those on the left leading to the Chapel (which last, except



10.—LATE GEORGIAN CHIMNEYPiece IN STATE BEDROOM.



Copyright

11.—THE CHINESE ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



12.—ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF SIR JOHN CUST, BY FRANCIS COTES.

on special occasions, was then used more or less as a lumber room). On the right the partitions were taken down and from the space thus obtained was created the handsome dining-room in the late classic style," with its coffered ceiling and Doric



13.—PHILIP YORKE, BY GAINSBOROUGH. PAINTED 1779.

entablature (Fig. 1). In the pictures in this room the history of the house is resumed, for there hang Philip Yorke and his wife Elizabeth, and his father Simon Yorke; while John Meller is also of the company M. J.

THE BAD COMPANIONS

Angel Pavement, by J. B. Priestley. (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.)

PERHAPS it is our own fault, we, or some of us at least, rather threw the goodness of his "Good Companions" in Mr. Priestley's teeth. We accused them of being too decent for human nature's daily behaviour, too deeply tinged with "Dickensian sentiment," too much addicted to the happy ending, and one can easily imagine how Mr. Priestley, having had enough of it, rolled up his sleeves and gritted his teeth and saying something like "I'll show them," sat down to write *Angel Pavement*. The title, in such circumstances, must have struck him as little short of a master-stroke. It might be merely the name of the city street in which was situated the office of Messrs. Twigg and Dersingham, where we were to meet all his principal characters, following them from that centre to their homes on the suburban circumference, but it could be used with a sinister and sarcastic significance. Mr. Golspie, their evil genius, remarks, on the last page but two, when asked if he had met any Angels there, "I can't say I did," and neither do we. The people that we meet are for the most part unattractive, not knaves, save Mr. Golspie, but after various fashions fools, fatuous fools like the pleasant Mr. Dersingham, that forty year old public schoolboy, or unhappy fools like the scornful and discontented Miss Matfield; amorous, aimless fools like Turgis, or self-sufficient fools like the barking Mr. Sandycroft the traveller; or cheap fools like the Smeeth boy and girl, who were "children of the Woolworth Stores and the moving pictures." Mr. Priestley has chosen this time to show us, more particularly, the folly of mankind and the hollowness of that faith of our happiest moments which bids us believe that life is something more than food and raiment, and keeping out of the workhouse. Yet since human nature is the many-sided thing it is, and he, perhaps, our greatest living translator of ordinary everyday people into "characters," he has a perfect right to do it. Possibly, even a composite photograph of present-day men and women obtained by printing the people of "The Good Companions" over those of *Angel Pavement* might come very near to being a perfect likeness.

As for Mr. Priestley's gifts as a creator of character, they have never been more dazzlingly displayed. His present reviewer, aghast at such knowledge of the mind of women,

of which she is, naturally, in full possession, and he by rights should only know so much as is possible to an outside observer, is moved almost to suspect a collaborator. How could any man know these thoughts of Miss Matfield's?

She was Lilian Matfield, Lilian Matfield, the same that had gone playing and laughing and singing and looking forward to everything only a few years ago, no different now except a little older and more sensible, and yet she felt, obscurely, darkly, that somehow she was being conjured into somebody miserably different, somebody stiff and faded and dull.

As in "The Good Companions," so here there are portraits in many styles—a couple of telling lines indicate one personality, a finished full-length in oils another, and they are one and all striking likenesses of . . . nobody strange and little known to his readers—just ourselves in our most selfish and least pleasant moods.

Sometimes his observation is concentrated on lighter things, but it is equally exact whether he deals with "T. Benenden," the tobacconist, dying in Bart's, or the attitude of little Mrs. Pearson, who lived in the flat above the Dersinghams, to the game of bridge.

Mrs. Pearson, though she had been sitting at bridge tables for years, was one of those cheerfully bad players who continually ask for and receive advice, but have not the slightest intention of improving their play. Probably she only saw the cards as so many vague pieces of paste-board, and what was real to her was simply the social scene, the faces round the green cloth and the pleasant chatter between games. If somebody had suggested playing *Snap* with the cards of telling fortunes with them, she would have been delighted, but as people seemed to prefer bridge, whether in Singapore or in London, she gladly made one at the table. And if all Barkfield Gardens had been combed, it would have been impossible to find a worse partner for Miss Verever, who played a good, keen, close, give-no-quarter game, and loathed all idle chatters at the table, all idiots who would not get trumps out, all the fools who clung to their wretched aces, all the witless roomsters who said, "Have you seen her lately? I haven't seen her for weeks and weeks. Let me see, what are trumps?"

Perhaps there are no pages in the whole book which better display its fundamental difference from its forerunner—the change which has taken place in the author, the acidity of this Mr. Priestley when compared with that Mr. Priestley—than those in which he deals with "the joyous season":

The shops she passed every day in the bus along Regent Street and Oxford Street had been celebrating Christmas for some time;

and it was weeks since they had first broken out into their annual crimson rash of holly berries, robins, and Father Christmases. The shops, followed by the illustrated papers, began it so early, with their full chorus of advertising managers and window dressers, shouting "Christmas Is Here" at a time when it obviously wasn't, that when it did actually come creeping up, you had forgotten about it. Those two miles of *Xmas Gifts* and lavish electric lighting and artificial holly leaves and cotton wool snow were still rolling past. The festive season—help! It was all an elaborate stunt to persuade everybody to spend money buying useless things for everybody else. And what was so terribly depressing and revolting about it all was that it was possible to imagine a really good Christmas, the adult equivalent of the enchanting Christmases of childhood, the sort of Christmas that people always thought they were going to have and never did have.

There was nothing of this in "The Good Companions," though somehow, in spite of the acidity, there is a touch of Dickens—a of a disillusioned Dickens—here, a Dickens' manner without a Dickens' kindness.

Though Mr. Priestley finds a maiden of homely face and poor complexion to comfort Turgis in his loneliness, and lets little Smeeth, who is, I suspect, his favourite character—and deserves to be—discover that, even when you have lost your job, you may still keep the captaincy of your soul; he does, on the whole, deal hardly with his characters. No happy endings, no incredible kindnesses—even if Mr. Smeeth, in a case where the Good Companions would have produced a glass of stout immediately and promised a benefit to come, did think of asking young Turgis out to tea at the week-end—no fairy godmother to make things better for everyone, but a bad magician to make them worse all round.

Mrs. Dersingham's sudden courage, Poppy Sellars' faithful affection are gleams from the younger Mr. Priestley who could still believe in life. I wish that, somehow, he could have kept that faith intact and married it with this book's fidelity, then it would have been a masterpiece and an inspiration: or, perhaps, it is enough to say a masterpiece, for I doubt whether a work of art is ever one without being the other.

BRENDA E. SPENDER.

Four Faultless Felons, by G. K. Chesterton. (Cassell, 7s. 6d.).

TO write four stories that are as full of mystery and suspense as any thriller, and as full of morality as any sermon: only Mr. Chesterton could have achieved this particular feat, and he achieves it with the easy joyousness of an urchin turning somersaults. In the dexterity with which he links his stories into a chain, in the ingenuity with which he constructs them, in the coruscating paradoxes with which he adorns them, there is not a flaw; so that to the four faultless felons we have to add one untiringly faultless (though of course not foible-less) fiction-writer. Mr. Chesterton, when the idea for this book came to him, must have hugged himself for joy. Can a man be a moderate murderer? He can, and Mr. Chesterton proves it. Can another man be an honest quack? Nothing, in Mr. Chesterton's hands, could be simpler. Thirdly, a thief may be an "ecstatic thief," worthy of all honour; and fourthly, a traitor may betray all his comrades yet remain utterly loyal to his cause. And nobody who inquires into so much as the first page of any of these matters can possibly escape before the last. If we must choose, we choose the first and the fourth story; the fourth for the glorious craziness of its plot, the first for its mingling of character study with sleight-of-hand. How well, for instance, we all know the military gentleman with "a baleful light in his eyes, as if a big but buried temper was working its way to the surface." And what a treasure is the explanation of his conduct given by a man who has shot another man through the leg. "By being perpetually in office he has let that pompous manner get worse and worse. . . . What is needed in such a case? A few days in bed, I decided. A few healthful weeks standing on one leg and meditating on that fine shade of distinction between oneself and God Almighty, which is so easily overlooked." We find ourselves continually admiring this book as a diamond—or else as a pearl.

V. H. F.

April Fools, by Compton Mackenzie. (Cassell, 7s. 6d.).

ALTHOUGH we are forewarned that this novel is to be "a farce of manners" (and observe that it is dedicated to Mr. P. G. Wodehouse), we cannot believe it, and consequently are disappointed when it proves to be true. For the fact is that, the author being Mr. Compton Mackenzie, we do not want to believe it. Perhaps it is hard on an author that we judge every book he writes by the highest standard that he himself has ever set; but it seems to be inevitable. So we laugh quite often as we read *April Fools*, yet we go away empty and feeling cheated; we expect the rich humanity of comedy, even though told that we must prepare to sustain the whipped-white-of-egg sensation of farce. The characters are no more than performers in a circus, with the author, as clown, cracking whip and quip around them. It is a skilful whip and a ready quip—but what, we ask restively, is Mr. Compton Mackenzie doing in this circus at all? Only Mrs. Pringle, of the Blue Dragon inn, reminds us of the Mr. Compton Mackenzie for whom we hunger; hers are the best scenes in the book, and the episode of the Bank Holiday play to which she takes her young visitors ripples with fun, because the author's zest, his gift for revealing a character out of that character's own mouth, suddenly takes charge of it. "Fancy that!" Mrs. Pringle observed. "He'd made up his mind to do the poor girl in as soon as the curtain went up. Didn't wait five minutes. Just reckless cruelty, that's what I call it. Enjoying yourselves, duckies?" The four children are well enough differentiated, but the adults are all types, not individuals, and their conversations are padded with patter. So we reflect once more on Mr. Arnold Bennett's admirable list of the many things that count in novel

writing, with its conclusion: "But none of these counts anything like so much as the convincingness of the characters." And—because we know that Mr. Compton Mackenzie can give us convincing characters if he chooses—we shut *April Fools* with a sigh.

V. H. F.

Surprising Songs, by Count Geoffrey Potocki de Montalk. (Columbia Press, 6s.).

IF these songs surprise us, it is not altogether, perhaps, as their author intends. We are surprised to be told that they are surprising, instead of being permitted to find it out (if we can) for ourselves; surprised by the bombastic Foreword, and even more by a note which takes a new way with critics, threatening us that "none may pretend to form from it (this volume) a complete judgment of a cosmic force which is undergoing a swift evolution." This is all very young and rash, and it would be easy to make fun of it. But more to the point is the fact that the stuff of poetry is in the author, and that it will probably fit him like a garment some day if he will eschew vanity. Meanwhile, he has a poem on England with some fine lines: England—

"who can be

unconcernedly so beautiful . . .
And the word 'England' can make the heart stand still."

Two striking, individual poems are about the view from Battersea Bridge at midnight; and a vivid line or two brings before us an immense New Zealand strand:

"on Muriwai

the roaring breakers are for ever signing
their signature thirty miles long, on the sand."

A lovely opening to another poem is this:

"A poem is standing on my mind's high hills
like the white Acropolis in the Athenian sun.
Cool light on those tall columns spills
a beauty too immortal to be done
in the weak fabric of an earthly stuff."

Nevertheless, the author cannot get out of his job that way. Poets have "done" this immortal beauty, have achieved the impossible, and poets will continue to do it. Count Geoffrey de Montalk has made a beginning; but, as yet, both his thought and his workmanship are often immature.

V. H. F.

Arnold Bennett Journal, 1929. (Cassell, 7s. 6d.).

IT must be pleasant to be Arnold Bennett: not only to be a famous novelist and playwright and a critic whose lightest word of disapproval humbles ambitious authors, but also because, in the light of this *Diary*, there never was a man better pleased with himself. It is true that once, leaning over a balcony in Brittany, he admitted to himself—and later to his diary—that "I am often maladroit in my social relations and lacking perseverance in the pursuit of righteousness. In short that there are better men on the revolving ball." But these depreciatory reflections passed through his mind in the small hours of the morning—the time when we all look smallest to ourselves. One cannot help a sneaking suspicion that Mr. Bennett of the Five Towns is giving himself a back-handed pat on the back when, recalling the indignation he once felt because Clement Scott called Ibsen "parochial," he admits, "In a way Ibsen is parochial," and adds: "It was like Ibsen's immense cheek to assume that the élite of Europe could be interested in the back-chat and the municipal and connubial goings-on in a twopenny town of a sort that nobody had ever heard of. Ibsen's assumption nevertheless proved to be correct." One can only hope that the shade of Ibsen will be humbly grateful for these kind words from the Sir Oracle of modern letters—himself, in his time, a purveyor of small town stuff. By the way, playgoers who may recognise the commanding figure of Mr. Arnold Bennett at first nights should note that he does not like being audibly identified. It must be very trying to be so famous. This warning is conveyed in a note in the diary about a steward in a cross-Channel steamer who recognised the famous author from his photograph. "I am astonished that anybody can recognise me from my photographs. But people do. Often I see them leaning towards each other and I hear them say, in a whisper audible a hundred yards off: 'There's Arnold Bennett.' Which I think is not quite the best manners on their part." The penalties of fame! Mr. Bennett can only console himself with the thought that he is not the only one who has to suffer the bad manners of the mob. Modern make-up and manners outside the theatre come in for some harsh criticism from this always outspoken critic, who has evidently found cause for offence in the district in which he resides. Let some of the "middle aged or ageing women shoppers in Sloane Street" note how they affect Mr. Bennett, and what, with the novelist's fancy, he deduces from their appearance.

"It was painful to observe how few of them can use paint and powder with discretion and effectiveness. Some of the lips were dreadful sights. Then the haughty, hard, harsh expression on many of the faces! The sort of expression that says savagely, during strikes: 'Shoot them down!' or 'They ought to be made to work!' or 'Unions ought to be made illegal.' A large percentage of these ladies must surely be rather unpleasant to live with. You seldom see such expressions as Ibsen on the faces of men. I suppose this is because men go about more, and arrive at a notion of the real facts of existence."

It is possible that some of these misguided women do not know how powerful a critic they have offended, or the usual paths of his criticism: else they might, remembering that there is more than one sort of arrogance, murmur something about the beam and the mote.

It is a little surprising, somehow, to find Arnold Bennett admitting a regret that he did not go to a university. One would have imagined him quite content to be without any of the reputed advantages of a university education. But then, it is as often a surprising as an expected Arnold Bennett that is self-portrayed in this revealing *Journal*.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

ON THE TRAIL, by Frank Harris (Lane, 7s. 6d.); THE SECRET OF SPEY, by Wendy Wood (Grant, Edinburgh, 7s. 6d.); AGRICULTURAL CO-OPERATION IN ENGLAND, by The Horace Plunkett Foundation (Routledge, 10s. 6d.); FICTION.—ANGEL PAVEMENT, by J. B. Priestley (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.); MARIO AND THE MAGICIAN, by Thomas Mann (Secker, 5s.).

ROADSIDE TREES IN FRANCE

AT the present moment, many who travel on roads will take particular notice of their immediate surroundings owing to the agitation which has been continuing over a considerable period about the planting of our roads, and especially of the new arteries. It is common when grumbling over our poor attempts at roadside planting to compare our roads with those magnificent avenues in France, which are the delight of travellers at all times of the year and their particular solace in a hot summer. The truth is that our roads and the French roads cannot be compared regarding the use of trees. It is not commonly known that the long avenues on the French roads fulfil a useful purpose other than that of shade; you will notice that the French main roads, good though they are, only very rarely have a concrete instead of a grass verge. The roots of the trees which are planted so systematically help to consolidate the subsoil at the edge of the roads and make elaborate concreting of the edges to prevent subsidence and erosion unnecessary. But that is a small point.

Where roadside planting differs is in the æsthetic sense. One will find—at least, I did—that in France the avenues which impress one the most are those which are longest and straightest, and are planted with only one kind of tree. The best which I have seen, or, rather, the most impressive, is on R.N. 78, a mile or two out of Châlon-sur-Saône on the road to Louhans, a road which unfortunately is not very much travelled by strangers. This is of Lombardy poplars, beautifully symmetrical and of great height, about two miles in length, if my memory does not fail me, and without a tree missing to spoil the beauty of line. The country around is dead flat, and it is just this change from the perfect horizontal to the perfect perpendicular which catches the eye and makes one stop and gaze. You will notice a similar effect in one of the accompanying illustrations (Fig. 1) which shows an avenue of Lombardy poplars on the road from Beauvais to Abbeville (R.N. 1). It is the two tall columns on a flat plane receding into the distance which is so attractive.

There are very few roads in England where one could get the same effect. It is no good near a town, for one house or other object which broke the even and seemingly unending line would ruin the symmetry at once. Nor would such an avenue be in keeping in a treeless area like Salisbury Plain, for when one looks out at the countryside between the trees one instinctively looks for, and finds, groups of trees not too far away in the background. These avenues are for agricultural country, which is sprinkled with small woods.

In England much the better plan, which is being carried out where possible, is to confine the planting of one kind of tree to short stretches, and this suits our varied landscape far better. In these long, straight French roads, where the same kind of country goes on for mile after mile, one's senses become lulled

to the same kind of scenery, and these long avenues fit in admirably with one's mental attitude. I doubt if we would appreciate travelling on our winding roads with their shifting panorama, and finding the same trees planted at the same distance and of all the same height, following us round corner after corner. The French realise the danger of monotony, and they ring the changes at intervals, but their scale is much larger than in England.

Another difference exists, which I hope will disappear in time, the fact of the splendid quality of the French trees, whether old or young, compared to ours. I examined a number of newly planted trees and found the quality to be first class, particularly in the department of the Ain, which has the finest roadside planting that I have seen in France. Not only are the youngsters excellent, but they are tended with great care even so far as being tightly bandaged right up the stem with straw ropes to straighten any tendency to depart from the upright.

This we can never achieve in England so long as the local authorities insist upon purchasing their trees on the lowest tender without paying any attention to quality. I heard of one case where a local tree lover, who had never heard of the successful tenderer, went on a voyage of exploration and found that he was a greengrocer in a back street who sold bedding plants, but did not have one yard of nursery space; no doubt excellent at selling vegetables and geraniums, but what could he know about nursery stock? The aftercare is just as important even when the trees are fully grown. Another illustration (Fig. 3) shows an elm avenue—not in the department of the Ain—which has run to seed. There are several gaps in which different trees have been planted, a fatal mistake, and the young shoots breaking out from the trunks look unkempt; but the elm is a bad tree for roadside planting if you aim at symmetry and tidiness.

It is really surprising in France how comparatively small is the variety of trees on which they depend for their roadside planting. In the north, of course, the Lombardy poplar or other fastigate hybrids are the prevailing trees. As one travels south these give way more and more to the common Black poplar, which gives more of the necessary shade in a hot summer (Fig. 2). One of the most graceful of all avenue trees is the robinia, the false acacia; but I do not think it is so common as it used to be, graceful though it is, with its feathery foliage, owing to its branches being so brittle and its bad habit of suckering, which makes for more labour in cleaning the sides of the road. Its place, at least in the middle of France, seems to be in the process of being taken by limes, and they make the most charming roadside trees, particularly when they are pollarded every few years, as is shown in Fig. 4. Their trunks always look clean, with their attractive bark, the shape of the tree is neat, and the scent of the flowers when we passed through in early July was delicious. There are half a dozen limes in the square at Bourq which are among the



1.—TYPICAL OF THE NORTH OF FRANCE, FINE LOMBARDY POPLARS



2.—THE ORDINARY BLACK POPLAR WHICH GIVES THE REQUISITE SHADE IN THE HOTTER SOUTH.



3.—AN ELM AVENUE WHICH LOOKS UNKEMPT OWING TO THE NUMEROUS SIDE SHOOTS.



4.—ONE OF THE MOST PLEASANT ROADSIDE TREES, POLLARDED LIMES IN THE DEPARTMENT OF AIN.

finest pollarded trees I have ever seen, complete globes of green about 17 feet in diameter. They are quite hardy in the British Isles, and might well be more planted as roadside trees.

Other avenues I noted were ash—not particularly satisfactory, as the trees were uneven in growth, and in every case one or two had died, leaving an unsightly gap—alders, specially in low-lying parts near the Rhone, some excellent lines of birch near Grenoble, of considerable age with their lower branches removed, thus

showing the handsome trunks; and, of course, fruit trees, principally cherries in the department of the Yonne. The trees were laden with fruit when we passed; no one seemed to object when drivers of vans stopped under a tree and ate until they were full. There was plenty for everyone, but then France is perfect for the motorist in that he is not pestered with chas-à-bancs except in the mountains, and even then the tourists behave themselves.

E. H. M. Cox.

WHEN RACEHORSE BREEDERS LOOK AHEAD

I HAVE just been glancing at the entries for the Eclipse Stakes and National Breeders' Produce Stakes of 1933 at Sandown Park. It seems a very long way to have to look ahead, and perhaps the average person interested in racing has no idea that the entries for these two very important breeders' events close so far in front of the actual races. The Sandown Park executive only give £1,500 out of their own purse to the Eclipse Stakes, which, in all, will be worth to the winning owner at least £10,000. Last month it was worth to the Aga Khan, when Rustom Pasha won, just over £10,000. The balance of £8,500 or so is the money of the subscribers, so that really the race is very much in the nature of a sweepstake. The race is for foals and yearlings of 1930, the first entry fee for yearlings being twice that charged for foals. They, therefore, are either three or four year olds in 1933.

The entry totalled 293, and I need hardly say it includes nominations from all classes of breeders and owners who believe they have youngsters which are giving them satisfaction at the present time. Naturally, the breeders for the sale ring have entered their "goods," and it will be up to their new owners, if they think fit, to maintain the entries through the various forfeit stages. Actually it costs £125 to send a horse to the post for the Eclipse Stakes.

The Sledmere Stud has entered thirty in the name of Mr. H. Cholmondeley, seven being yearlings now and the rest foals. Lord Derby is responsible for nine, among which I notice an own sister to Colorado, who won an Eclipse Stakes; Mr. J. A. Dewar for eleven, including a half brother by Colorado to Tiffin, a half sister by Coronach to The Recorder and a half brother by Gainsborough to Sunny Trace and The MacNab; the Aga Khan for eight, most of them with names that will bother non-Oriental scholars; Mr. Anthony de Rothschild for eleven; Lord Woolavington for eight, including a half sister by Abbot's Trace to Press Gang; Mr. J. J. Maher, the Irish breeder for eight, including a half brother by Colorado to Royal Minstrel and a half brother by Spion Kop to Mana; and Lord Astor for half a dozen.

The Sandown Park executive give £1,000 in added money to the National Breeders' Produce Stakes, which last month was worth over £6,000 to the winning owner. Here, again,

therefore, owners are largely racing for their own money, for, though it only costs £1 to nominate the produce of a mare in 1930, it will cost £50 to send that produce to the post. This race is for the produce of mares mated this year, and an enormous number of such matings have been nominated.

Sir Alec Black, who is one of our biggest breeders to-day, has made no fewer than twenty-seven nominations. A small fortune is represented by the aggregate of sires' fees he has paid this year, for three mares have been sent to Solario at 500 guineas a time, and we know that Tetratema (also 500 guineas), Manna, Papyrus, Hurry On, Phalaris, Sansovino, Gainsborough, Gay Crusader, Spion Kop, Grand Parade, and certain others are only accessible for big money.

Lord Furness, as usual, has been partonising the expensive sires, but then he breeds for the sale ring and appreciates the importance of marketing only the stuff which is likely to make the big money. Count du Monceau is a new name to me. He has made sixteen nominations, apparently mares at stud in France. Four of the Aga Khan's mares have been mated this year with Blandford, which I suppose is quite understandable after what Blenheim did for this owner at Epsom. The four are Mumtaz Mahal, who, though brilliant in her day, has yet to breed one half as good as she was, Cos, who is the dam of Costaki Pasha and Rustom Pasha, Uganda, and Moti Mahal. The last named was very speedy when in training.

Major McCalmont, who has so often won this race, has now taken eleven chances, and, of course, as the owner of Tetratema, he has made full use of that remarkable sire this year. Sir Abe Bailey with his ten subscriptions—it seems only the other day he sold off lock, stock and barrel—is loyal to his own stallions Son in Law, Foxlaw, and Son and Heir. Mr. Barnett is trying again for another Trigo, for he has mated once more the mare Athasi, dam of that horse with Blandford. Certainly it is interesting to glance at the nominations for these two outstanding events at Sandown Park. It gives a glimpse into the minds of our leading breeders, and, incidentally, it shows how fashion is veering and how certain stallions which were in the forefront a very little time ago are now being neglected, leaving them languishing in the cold, as it were.

PHILLIPS.

CORRESPONDENCE

IMPROVEMENT OF GRASSLAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. C. Miller, raises several questions of vital interest with reference to the manuring of grassland. Possibly some information can be obtained from the results of manurial experiments on grassland that have been carried on at Rothamsted since 1856. Repeated treatment with nitrogenous manures, especially when used together with mineral fertilisers, tends to eliminate all leguminous plants and weeds, leaving a herbage composed entirely of a few species of grasses. If an adequate amount of lime is present in the soil or is supplied occasionally as a top-dressing, the more valuable feeding grasses are encouraged, such as meadow foxtail, meadow grass, cocksfoot, tall oat and fescue. If the lime is deficient, these tend to be replaced by types of far less nutritive value, as Yorkshire fog and sweet vernal grass, which may constitute the whole of the herbage. On the other hand, constant dressings of mineral manures, including potash and phosphate, encourage a mixed herbage of many species, of which clovers and other leguminous plants form a considerable proportion. In this case both the total yield of hay and the percentage of leguminous species are improved by an adequate quantity of lime. Furthermore, the omission of potash reduces both total yield and the proportion of clovers, etc.

In the light of these experiments, together with numerous other observations, an attempt may be made to answer the questions of your correspondent.

(a) Repeated dressings of nitrogenous manures, especially ammonium sulphate, tend to suppress wild white clover and encourage grasses. Occasional dressings of ammonium sulphate, however, may be of distinct value in encouraging the finer types of grass, which are of greater feeding value than the coarse varieties.

(b) If potash, nitrogen and phosphate were constantly supplied in combination, the wild white clover would rapidly disappear and be replaced by grasses, of which the value would be determined by the available lime supply.

(c) Phosphate and potash (without nitrogen) applied to a sward containing an abundance of wild white clover would tend to encourage a herbage containing a good proportion of leguminous plants, though the wild white clover itself might become reduced. The first flush of wild white clover induced by the application of basic slag helps to store up nitrogen in the soil. This provides encouragement for various kinds of grasses, and competition sets in between clovers, grasses and miscellaneous plants, resulting eventually in a mixed herbage of which the balance of individual species depends upon seasonal conditions. Incidentally, the value of potash varies with the soil concerned. It is obvious from the results that Mr. Miller has already obtained that his land shows an immediate response to potash, but on other soils this fertiliser may be much less important.

There can be no doubt that the feeding value of grassland can be much increased by the intelligent application of artificials. No definite rule for their use can be laid down, but the requirements of different areas must be discovered by the use of such preliminary methods as your correspondent has already carried out with such marked success.—WINIFRED E. BRENCHEY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. C. Miller, raises some interesting points in regard to the use of fertilisers on grassland. My experience is that nitrogenous fertilisers will not suppress wild white clover providing that the supply of phosphates and potash is maintained in the soil and the grazing is controlled. The grazing should not be too close, but done just at the right time so as to prevent the grasses from growing too rank and masking the clovers. In the large scale experiments which I have had the privilege of examining there has been little evidence of clover suppression by nitrogen where the above conditions have been fulfilled.

With regard to the third point as to whether an abundance of wild white clover, which is a nitrogen gatherer, will dispense with the need to use nitrogenous manures if potash and phosphates are applied, the experimental evidence indicates that the nitrogen which is collected and fixed by the clovers does not become available sufficiently early in the spring to feed the grasses, and

that an application of nitrogen, say in February, does accelerate the growth and make the herbage fit for grazing two to four weeks earlier than it would otherwise be. The clovers are undoubtedly of high feeding value, but, unfortunately, they do not start growing early in the year, and if early herbage is wanted, it is generally necessary to use, after a potash and phosphate dressing, a certain amount of nitrogen in February.—G. A. COWIE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The points raised by Mr. Miller in his letter are of urgent interest to all of us who have a deep concern that the possibilities of English agriculture may be realised to the full. In my experience nitrogenous manures do not necessarily work on grassland to the detriment of wild white clover, but much depends on the type of fertiliser used and the time of application. Ammoniacal nitrogen, such as that provided by sulphate of ammonia, may be heavily applied in the early and late season without any adverse effect whatever on the clover content of the pasture and, moreover, several extra weeks of highly nutritious grazing may be obtained in this way. Personally, I would never consider an abundant growth of wild white clover as a substitute for nitrogenous fertilisers, the fullest advantage of which lies in their capacity to extend the grazing season. I have found that a generous dressing of ammoniacal nitrogen in the spring has been accompanied by an excellent wild white clover growth in the "middle season."—R. F. GEORGE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The letter from Mr. C. Miller raises several important and interesting points, in particular the effects of artificials, with or without nitrogen, on wild white clover in pasture. The general tendency of nitrogen applications is to encourage the nitrogen-loving grasses at the expense of the leguminous clovers, but the net economic result is almost always favourable to the application of nitrogen. It works out something like this. Nitrogen may be applied throughout the growing season according to what is now known as the intensive system of grassland management, or it may be applied early and late for the early and late bites. In either case these applications follow basal dressings of phosphates, potash and, where necessary, lime in the previous autumn. In the first case, the nitrogen encourages the grasses very early and very late in the season, and has little effect on clovers which give their best and most useful growth in the middle of the season.

When sulphate of ammonia is applied throughout the season, say in applications of 1 cwt. every six weeks or so, then the clovers will definitely be discouraged, but it is a well proven fact that the resulting yield of grass and its unusually high feeding value will more than compensate not only for the loss of clover herbage, but for the loss of the residual value of the clovers as the result of their accumulation of atmospheric nitrogen.

Accordingly I would answer Mr. Miller as follows:

(a) Sulphate of ammonia when used intensively may tend to reduce clover but will certainly not diminish the grazing value of the herbage as a whole.

(b) Complete dressings with potash and only early and late applications of sulphate of ammonia would retain clover.

(c) Wild white clover has been used for many years to dispense with nitrogenous fertilisers, but in these days of low-priced nitrogen it is becoming more economic to use the latter.—E. HOLMES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The subject of grassland improvement is of such vital importance that Mr. C. Miller's experiences are particularly interesting. Most people with experience will agree that money expended on suitable fertilisers is highly profitable. There is, however, a distinction between the conditions obtaining in the Aberystwyth experiments referred to in your leading article and those which confront your correspondent. The Aberystwyth deductions were made from trials conducted on temporary rather than permanent grassland. Mr. Miller's queries are none the less important. The research work conducted by Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited, on the intensive manuring of grassland suggests that when a balance of the essential plant foods is maintained in the soil that nitrogen does not suppress wild white clover if the grazing is properly controlled.

In my experience it is this latter factor which may prove most troublesome, since an over-development of badly grazed grasses in the first part of the grazing season may be responsible for a decrease in wild white clover in mid-season. In my own mind I think it is too early yet to speak with any confidence on the effect of nitrogen on wild white clover even on old pastures. I am, however, using nitrogen in the form of nitrate of soda and nitro-chalk on certain pasture fields with the object of extending the length of the grazing season by a dressing at the rate of 1 to 2 cwt. per acre in February or March, and a similar dressing in July or August. My observations thus far indicate that the practice has been successful, but I find it advisable to have some fields which are not treated with nitrogen, especially for the mid-season grazing. These, incidentally, get phosphates, potash and lime when necessary, and they are characterised by a good wild white clover herbage. It was particularly evident in the dry summer of 1929 that the nitrogenous manuring did not give the response one anticipated, and in that season the no-nitrogen manured fields proved a great stand-by. Close grazing is, however, one of the secrets of maintaining a good wild white clover herbage. Any method which will ensure that old grass is grazed down at least once a year gives the white clover a chance of establishing itself provided the manurial requirements are present.

It seems essential to emphasise that when nitrogen is being used on grassland the soil must also receive support from the addition of phosphates, potash and lime; in other words, the manuring must be complete. The theory that the direct application of nitrogen can be dispensed with if one uses phosphates (and potash where necessary) to stimulate wild white clover development, which thereby ensures the natural collection of nitrogen, was advanced many years ago by the late Professor Gilchrist as a result of the Cockle Park experiments. This work has in no sense been superseded, for on the boulder clay soils the application of phosphates has been proved to be the most economical method of improving old grassland, where the grazing is managed on the extensive rather than the intensive system.—H. G. ROBINSON, *Farm Director, Midland Agricultural College.*

A COURAGEOUS RAT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Recently, late at night, a friend of mine was sitting quietly in his garden watching the moon rise and listening to the shrill cries of the bats, when, suddenly, he felt something furry climbing up the inside of his left trouser-leg. It reached as far as just below the knee, when my friend suddenly stretched out his leg, with the result that the furry object fell to the ground; but, in passing, it inflicted a sharp bite in the calf. It was a brown rat.

The animal retreated for some yards into a clump of grass, then, as my informant moved towards it, it ran at him again, this time attacking his boot. Again it retired.

Admiring the rat's pluck, my friend did not attempt to injure the animal, but proceeded to make a careful examination of the ground near the seat upon which he had been sitting. The rat charged for a third time, then sprang, landing upon the investigator's waistcoat. He shook it off and went on with his search. Presently, by the aid of an electric pocket lamp, he discovered, in a hole near one of the supports of the seat, a litter of newly-born young. Evidently the valiant mother resented the intruder's presence and was doing her utmost to drive him away.

We can only admire the courage displayed by a rodent in attacking a supposed enemy so many times bigger and more powerful than itself.—CLIFFORD W. GREATORX.

A CREAM-COLOURED COURSER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In a recent conversation with an acquaintance I came across what appears to be an authentic occurrence of the cream-coloured courser in the hills near here in East Cheshire. "In August, 1911," he said, "I was camping out with friends in the valley under The Tors for the purpose of shooting, having permission so to do from Lord Courtown. On Tuesday, the 15th, I went out alone with my gun and retriever at seven o'clock in the morning, and was working up a gully, when the dog flushed a bird close to me, which by its flight and general appearance reminded me of a corn-crake, and, giving it a little law, I killed it. I was

quite unable to name the variety of the bird, as were my friends, and as we did not intend to strike camp until the following Sunday, I hung it up inside a bush in a spot sheltered from the sun, hoping to show the bird to someone later who could identify it. We had some heavy rain that week at times, for I recollect our clothes had to be dried at adjacent farms more than once, so it fell out that before Sunday the bird was putrid, and I cut off its legs and wings, intending to make enquiries concerning their owner. I was recommended to send a leg and a wing to a Mr. Deane of Richmond-on-Thames, who I was told was an ornithologist and an authority. This I did, and he answered, calling the bird a "coursier" and sending me a drawing of a bird which was undoubtedly the same as my bird. He said the bird was an exceedingly rare one, and that it was a pity it could not have been preserved, as it would have been worth £50." In trying to account for the presence in our hills of this rare visitor, which is usually to be found among sandy wastes and deserts in the East,

A NEWCOMER FROM EAST AFRICA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of one of the three pigmy geese that have recently arrived at the Zoological Gardens from Portuguese East Africa, the first of their kind ever seen in this country. Also known as cotton teal, the birds are about equal in size to a small pigeon. Their legs are very short and the birds are by no means active on land. The old idea, however, that they are unable to walk is not based upon fact.—B.



A PIGMY GOOSE.

ARMADA FAMILIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I happened to be in Seville on my way back from Morocco during Holy Week, commencing on April 14th, 1930, and saw a most striking spectacle, namely, the procession organised by the descendants of those illustrious families that sailed with the Armada to the Conquest of Great Britain. About three hundred and fifty families were represented by



"THE RICHEST SPOILS OF MEXICO
THE STOUTEST HEARTS OF SPAIN."

and on our seashores where they are sandy when it has paid us its rare visits. I may say that we had a dry summer in 1911, though thunderstorms may well have occurred along The Torrs and elsewhere. The wind was from, on August 7th, S.E.; 8th, S.; 9th, S.W.; 10th, E.S.E.; 11th, S.S.W.; 12th, S.; 13th, S.; and 14th, S.W.; and the bird may have been carried on this last-named S.W. wind, possibly in a rainstorm, from the Welsh coast across the Cheshire Plain.—RICHARD E. KNOWLES.

HOUSEFLY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—At a time of the year when that universal pest, the housefly, is very much in evidence, it occurs to me that the following may be of interest to your readers. Flies, mosquitoes and other winged insects were a source of great annoyance to myself and others engaged in pioneer work on the oilfields in Trinidad. One day, by chance, I noticed that a white wall was well covered with flies, etc., except for one bluish patch. At first I surmised that this was due to the bluish patch containing some substance repugnant to the insects. Further investigation showed that this was not so, freedom from insects being due to the effect of the colour.

Having established this fact, I carried out a series of exhaustive yet simple experiments. One hundred flies and mosquitoes were placed in a glass-covered container with ten chambers, each chamber being painted a different colour; a corridor afforded free intercommunication between all chambers. After allowing the insects time to wander about and finally settle down, the numbers in each chamber were counted. The results of repeated tests indicated that a certain blue chamber was practically always empty and subsequent tests were then made to determine the best shade of blue.

The result of these experiments were made known and at the present time the prevailing colour of paint or wash used on the walls of kitchens, larders, etc., in the island of Trinidad, is a light azure blue.

A few squares of "blue" added to a bucket of whitewash will produce the necessary shade of blue, and I can recommend this colour scheme to the dairy farmer for his dairy and cowsheds as a further ally in his never ending war on flies.—ALEXANDER DUCKHAM.

living descendants of the Armada families, all dressed in the armour which has come down from the time of Philip II. There was no part of ancient heraldry omitted from the spectacle. Helmets, breastplates, greaves, sword or mace, were carried under the blessing of the spiritual powers who guided the throng round and round the ancient city. Many cowed cloaks hid the features of sole descendants of ancient families, who played an inglorious part in the famous flotilla.—ALEXANDER JACOB REYNOLDS.

THE ROSE AND CROWN.

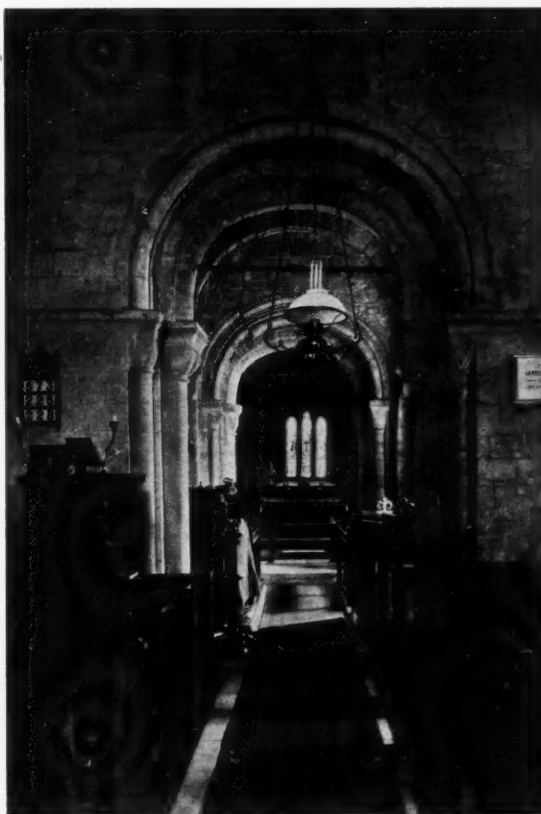
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. Randal Phillips' article on the Rose and Crown at Cambridge was particularly interesting to me, as I had just returned from a visit to Suffolk, and during my stay had often and gratefully remarked the taste and restraint shown by Messrs. Greene King in the external treatment of the public-houses under their control. They refrain from burying the façade under "day-light" signs, enamel plates, and sheets of wood carrying lettering two feet high. Their charming medallion, and the name of the house on a board or sign, is all that is introduced, so that any architectural interest the building may have is given full display. I hope you will allow this small tribute, from a disinterested member of the public, to appear in your columns.—G. E. MOODEY.

DRY ROT IN A NORMAN CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In the little Dorsetshire village of Studland dry rot has entered the tiny church and settled on the timbers



IN STUDLAND CHURCH.

of the roof. The church of St. Nicholas, almost perfect as a specimen of Norman work, is surely one of the most pleasant and picturesque in the country, and the atmosphere of unaffected neatness and harmony that one finds there is sufficient proof of the loving care that has been bestowed on the place by those responsible for its upkeep. Here, obviously, is no case where rector or wardens could be blamed for negligence, and least of all for the insidious mischief in the roof. Indeed, the very timbers which are to-day condemned were put into place by devoted but unenlightened guardians less than a century ago. Those guardians had but one fault: they did not understand dry rot. There is evidence that an early building, oblong in shape and probably Saxon in date, once occupied the site, and portions of the older fabric seem to have been embodied in the present structure. But the existing building is, in general, essentially late twelfth century, about 1180, and has many of the features characteristic of the period. The church consists of a nave, middle tower and chancel. The tower, which ends unexpectedly in a gable roof at the level of the belfry windows, was never finished, but its weight was, nevertheless, enough to cause an alarming settlement. This led to the provision of additional buttresses which have preserved for us the unusual gable roof, that here blends peacefully with the barns and other farm buildings near the churchyard. The whole scene is one of harmony—in material, colour and even size. It will be difficult to find the £1,600 required unless people from afar send the Rector something for his fund. Studland is a very small village, and it is doubtful whether the villagers can add more to the thousand pounds which has already been collected.—MAURICE S. COCKIN.

THE ESTATE MARKET

COMPTON PARK SOLD

GLORIA soli Deo," the motto of the Penruddockes of Wiltshire, is inscribed on their arms which were reproduced in the finely illustrated particulars prepared by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons and Messrs. Rawlence and Squarey in connection with the auction of the estate of 1,300 acres a few weeks ago. Those particulars contained also another characteristic "Trollope" preface covering concisely and clearly the architectural and historical as well as the topographical features of the Wiltshire estate. It is not surprising that so delightful a property should have been quickly taken out of the market. The firms associated in this matter have sold Compton Park to Mr. George Cross, of Smarts Hill House, Penshurst, and we are exceedingly glad to say that Mr. Cross intends to spend a large sum in careful renovation, not "restoration," of the house and on its modernisation in various respects, and then to live in it. This is another welcome comment on the statement, recently denied in these columns, that mansions cannot be sold for occupation. Of course they can be, if the proper steps are taken to sell them and they have residential merit. Compton Park is full of such merit, especially in the hands of a buyer like Mr. George Cross, who can afford to improve the noble old house and develop the sporting and other qualities of the estate.

Compton Park, in the valley of the Nadder, about six miles west of Salisbury, on the Shaftesbury road, includes the park and farm of 1,300 acres and practically all the village of Compton Chamberlayne. It is sheltered on the south by Compton Down, noteworthy for an ancient earthwork, Chislebury Camp.

Magnificent decorative work of the school of Wren and Grinling Gibbons proves that the family enjoyed a considerable fortune. Probably travelling craftsmen, as designers and directors, supervised Wiltshire men in the woodcarving and panelling. The skill with which they worked can be seen in the large-scale wainscoting of the dining-room and other rooms in Compton House. Carving of exquisite proportion and detail adorns the doorways, but it is surmised that some of the "drop" ornamentation was wrought in London and carried to Compton for fixing. The drawing-room, done about the year 1780, is suggestive of Adam influence.

Externally the house is of stone, the two floors, ground and upper, being surmounted by an embattled parapet. The gardens retain old-fashioned formality of plan, and close by them, completing a picture of an English seat, is the dignified fourteenth century parish church.

Compton Chamberlayne was illustrated and described in COUNTRY LIFE of August 13th, 1910 (page 228). Wild duck shooting, three miles of trout in the Nadder, with fish up to 4lb. or 5lb., and plenty of game await their proper seasons.

OTTERS Shaw PARK.

OTTERS Shaw PARK, between Sunningdale and Woking, is to be offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley at Hanover Square on October 2nd. The mansion was built in the Italian style in 1910 by the late Sir Frederick Eckstein, and there are beautiful pleasure grounds with a chain of lakes. The estate, 953 acres, includes five farms and numerous cottages, and it possesses long and valuable frontages to two main roads. Seven hundred years ago Ottershaw was a vast wood affording beech mast and acorns for hogs. Its history as an estate begins with ownership by John Danister, a Baron of the Exchequer, who died in 1540.

Remaining portions of Thickthorn, Kenilworth, are to be submitted shortly by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Mr. Warrington Bennett. Some 130 acres include Kenilworth Lodge, The Woodlands, Thickthorn Stud Farm, two dairy farms, and cottages and sites.

Grey Gables, Broadway, a manor house on the Cotswolds, dating from the reign of Henry VII, is for sale with 4½ acres, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, for £7,000. The residence was enlarged in Jacobean times.

In the coming sale, by order of the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley will act in conjunction with Mr. Ernest Gale in offering The Lawn, Burnham-on-Crouch, a freehold property with frontage

to the Crouch. The property, 2 acres, includes an old-fashioned residence.

Mrs. Barclay Black is selling Guilsborough Hall, Northampton, by auction to be held next month by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, and Messrs. James Styles and Witlock. The house, of Northampton stone, stands in 40 acres in the centre of the Pytchley.

No. 35, Wimpole Street, a house of the later Georgian period, will be offered for sale by auction in September by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, in conjunction with Messrs. Turner Lord and Dowler.

SALE OF AN ESSEX ESTATE.

HUTTON HALL, a fine old Queen Anne house and 560 acres, three miles from Brentwood, has been sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., and Messrs. Hampton and Sons. The house is a most interesting gabled example built of old red brick, with typical windows, and contains a hall, 27ft. by 24ft., panelled in pine, with heavily beamed ceiling, open hearth and carved mantel and overmantel, library with carved wood period mantel, drawing-room, south and east, painted panelled walls, open hearth and fine period mantelpiece, dining-room with wood dado and heavy reeded cornice. The reception rooms have oak floors. A beautiful Queen Anne staircase of veneered oak with twisted balusters leads to the first floor and wide, partly panelled landing. The old-world gardens, bounded on the south-west by the moat, are very attractive, with high box hedge and clipped yew hedges, old red brick walls, with fig and fruit trees and fine yews. A paved walk under a brick pergola of roses and honeysuckle leads to spreading lawns and rose garden, and broad herbaceous border. The gardens are shaded and adorned by old elms, in which are an ancient rookery, chestnut and lime trees and an ancient yew with an immense spread of over 20yds. The kitchen garden, with an old holly hedge, includes various kinds of choice fruit trees in full bearing, and there is a heated glass-house. The golf course at Thorndon Park (eighteen holes) is four miles off, and there is hunting with the Essex Union Hounds (kennels three miles) and Essex Hounds.

Marlston House, Newbury, has been let on lease with the option of purchase, and in the letting is shooting over 1,000 acres. The owners of Marlston House are the trustees of the late Right Hon. George William Palmer. Associated with Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. in the letting were Messrs. Dreweatt, Watson and Barton.

HALWILL MANOR SOLD.

PRIVATELY, Messrs. Fox and Sons have sold the old-fashioned manor house at Halwill, near Beaworthy, Devon, with cottages and 27 acres of gardens and adjoining land. The purchaser has also bought the adjacent Lower Farm and 149 acres, and a further 287 acres let to the Forestry Commission, in all about 463 acres. This negotiation completes the sale of the whole of the Halwill Manor estate of 1,676 acres, which Messrs. Fox and Sons offered by auction last May. The Bournemouth firm also reports the sale following the auction of July 3rd last of the residence, Hill Cottage, Parkstone, 2½ acres; and they will offer in Bournemouth on September 4th the residence known as Tudor Cottage on the sea front at Boscombe; and, on the 28th inst., are engaged in selling the freehold premises in Bournemouth known as Motor Macs Garages, a total area of 29,000ft., modern, and one of the best equipped properties of its kind.

At an early date, Messrs. Ralph Pay and Taylor are to offer a property which presents a rare opportunity, Little Dunkeld, one of the few houses right on the Hook Heath ridge, about 2 miles from Woking station, and from which there is an uninterrupted view of the North Downs between Guildford and Dorking, including Albury Heights. There are few select properties in this position and it is rarely that one comes into the market. The house is of attractive design and has a beautiful loggia with south view, and a large balcony. The grounds, easy of upkeep, are of approximately 2½ acres.

Next month, at Welshpool, Messrs. H. Lidington and Co. will offer by auction, as a whole or in lots, Edderton Hall, Forden, three miles from Welshpool. The estate

extends to 850 acres and includes Edderton Hall, a medium-sized residence, standing in a park of 60 acres, and commanding fine views. Included in the estate are four farms, several small holdings, the Cock Inn, Edderton, with 33 acres of land, Severn Valley pictures, and cottages and 30 acres of woodlands. The Hall is in hand. The rent roll is about £1,200 per annum.

A DERBY AUCTION: £18,145.

ALDERWASLEY HALL estate was submitted at Derby by Messrs. Hampton and Sons. Mr. G. W. Rutter, who officiated, bought in Alderwasley Hall and 235 acres at £25,000, after biddings which started at £10,000 and mounted slowly to £7,000. There was, however, spirited bidding for many other lots, and as a result thirty-two lots out of the sixty-five were sold for a total of £17,026, which, with the value of the timber which had to be taken with several lots, brought the total realisation up to £18,145. Among the important lots bought in was the Great Wood of 464 acres, which did not attract the attention that might reasonably have been anticipated, although Kennel Wood, a little over 17 acres, was the subject of most spirited competition before it changed hands at £1,350. Immediately following the auction there were enquiries for the unsold lots, so they will not remain in hand, and there is negotiation for the Hall.

HUNTON MANOR: ROYAL OWNERS.

AT Winchester on September 16th, Hunton Manor, Micheldever, is for sale by Messrs. James Harris and Son. It is of 153 acres, bounded by a fine trouting tributary of the Test, and has excellent partridge ground around the Early Georgian residence and pretty old Elizabethan cottages close by it. The earliest mention of Hunton is in a charter of Edward the Elder (son of Alfred the Great) in 909. William the Conqueror gave the manor to Hugo de la Porte, who held thirty manors in Hampshire. In 1309 Edward I granted the manor to Ralph de Monthermer. He had married secretly the Princess Joan of Acre.

Richard Nevill, better known as the "King-maker," held it for ten years, being killed at the Battle of Barnet in 1471, fighting against the King. The manor then passed by inheritance to the King-maker's daughter Isabel, who, in 1469, had married her cousin, George, Duke of Clarence, brother of Edward IV. The manor then descended to their son Edward, Earl of Warwick, who was executed on Tower Hill in 1499. The manor was then granted by Henry VII to his mother, Margaret, Countess of Richmond, foundress of Christ's College and St. John's College, Cambridge, but in 1510 Henry VIII granted it to William Arundel, Lord Maitravere, and Ann, his wife, for the service of one red rose. In 1513 the grant became void, and the King, having reversed the Salisbury attainder, granted the manor to Margaret Pole, daughter of the Duke of Clarence and Isabel, and mother of Reginald Pole, Archbishop of Canterbury in Queen Mary's reign. She was deprived of the manor on her attainder in 1539, and executed in her old age in 1541. For nearly 250 years the manor has been in the hands of owners who were connected by blood or marriage with the sovereign. Of these owners, four perished on the scaffold, three fell in battle, one was murdered. In 1547 the manor was sold to John Wiltchorn for £374 4s. 4d. Early in the sixteenth century the present house was built. The old manor house was believed to have stood to the south-east of the present building, but there is no trace of the site or any records as to when or by whom it was destroyed. In 1744 the estate was sold by Thomas Clerke and Thomas Dummer to John Pitt, of Crawley. He was succeeded by his son, Rev. Robert Pitt, who died in 1822; he by his son, Robert Pitt. A third Robert Pitt succeeded, who died in 1912, and in 1916 the manor passed into the hands of its present owner.

Bournemouth racecourse is to be developed as a building estate. The 100 acres are on very high ground, and command magnificent views in the northern part of the town. Messrs. Fox and Sons are the agents, and contracts for road-making are being got ready. **ARBITER.**



THE GARDEN

THE BULB ORDER

WITHIN a week or two's time bulb planting will be in full swing, if it has not already begun, and one of the most urgent of the gardener's duties is the making out of the annual bulb order. Grower's lists, well illustrated catalogues and handsomely produced brochures, arrive by almost every post, and their pages of glowing descriptions cannot fail to fascinate and to kindle a desire for the immediate possession of so many lovely and enchanting things. It is a welcome fact that the lists reveal a fairly substantial reduction in prices, as compared with former years, and gardeners should not be slow in taking advantage of the opportunity of low prices to make not only increased plantings but to include a greater number of varieties which have formerly been out of reach.

There could be no more opportune moment for reminding gardeners of the increasing numbers of home-grown bulbs that are now on the market and that, wherever possible, the home product is to be preferred to the imported article. Several catalogues that I have received show that the home bulb industry is increasing and that no longer is it the case, as it was a few years ago, that only two or three firms are engaged in the production of bulbs. Already over two thousand acres in England and Wales are given over to bulb cultivation. For the most part,

tulips form the main crop in such counties as Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire, but there are also large areas, such as those in the Scilly Isles and Cornwall and Devon, under daffodils. Other bulbs are being taken up commercially, and now home-grown bulbs of almost all the more common spring-flowering bulbous plants are to be readily obtained, with the exception of hyacinths, which cannot be reared successfully in our soil and climate. It is for the garden owner to support and encourage the efforts of those engaged in this home industry, which is yet in its infancy, and not purely for any sentimental reasons, but because an equally sound product at approximately the same, and in many cases considerably less, cost can be obtained.

The British grown bulb, although slightly smaller than the imported article, is in no way inferior in quality. It is a more solid and heavier bulb, containing less water than its foreign rival, and consequently produces better blooms. Another advantage is that the home bulbs of daffodils, reared in the south-western counties, flower at least about a fortnight earlier than imported bulbs. The displays in our public parks for the last two or three years have afforded ample evidence of the excellent quality of home-grown tulips, and what is true of the tulip is equally true of daffodils, crocuses, grape hyacinths and other bulbs



AT THE EDGE OF THE SHRUBBERY: A BORDER OF EARLY SPRING FLOWERING BULBS WITH SNOWDROPS, CROCUSES, MINIATURE NARCISSI AND CHIONODOXAS.

that are now being reared at home in soils and in a climate most suited to their needs. Stocks of varieties may still be limited, but there is a fairly wide choice, and it will not be long before the supply can meet the increasing demand. In the meantime, the lists I have seen offer the most distinct varieties in each case at a figure that is not only most reasonable, but one that will commend itself to those who contemplate furnishing their woodlands and shrubberies on the outskirts of the garden with large plantings.

There should be no delay in ordering to ensure early delivery and so that planting may be completed by the generally recognised dates. Crocuses, snowdrops, grape hyacinths, chionodoxas and daffodils should all be got into the ground by the beginning of October, while October and early November is time enough for hyacinths and tulips. Tulips, indeed, are best planted in November, as earlier planting encourages precocious growth in the spring, which is not only liable to injury by spring frosts, but has a tendency to fire disease in a wet season. The bulb order should cover as wide a range as possible, and the gardener who constantly restricts himself to those things already mentioned misses much beauty that might be his were he less conservative in ordering. For example, in addition to the more common kinds, the autumn-flowering colchicums, which must be planted at once, should figure in the order along with the blue squill, *Scilla sibirica* and its white variety *alba* and the wood hyacinths, *Scilla hispanica* and *S. nutans*. The bulbous irises, embracing the Dutch, Spanish and English varieties, which flower in the sequence named, cannot afford to be neglected either for their decorative value in the garden in June and July or for forcing purposes. The Dutch and the Spanish kinds do well in gardens on light soil, whereas the English varieties are to be preferred on stiff ground. Added to these are all the charming miniature daffodils and the brilliant tulip species for choice spots in the rock garden and the front line of the spring border.

Among the trumpet daffodils for general garden planting, King Alfred (which will only reach its real majesty in a light to medium loam), Emperor, Empress, Golden Spur, Victoria, the white *Mme de Graaff*, *Tresserve* and *Weardale Perfection* are all first-rate varieties. Lucifer, Sir Watkin and Bernardino are three reliable incomparabilis varieties, with Will Scarlett a good fourth. Barrii conspicuus and Bath's Flame are still the best of the reasonably priced Barrii varieties, to which Firetail, which is a trifle more expensive, may be added. Then for those varieties that are suitable for forcing for early flowers, *Soleil d'Or*, a fine and fragrant Tazetta with large clusters of yellow flowers and bright orange cups; Laurens Koster, a strong-growing Poetaz and the scarlet-eyed ornatus may be chosen. Of the doubles there is none more striking than Cheerfulness, with each stem bearing three or four blooms of creamy white. These are all that one need want for general garden decoration for beds and borders, for naturalising in lawn and woodland and copse, and for the kitchen garden for a supply of cut flowers.

There is a wide choice among tulips, and those who made careful note of the varieties which were massed in the sweeping borders and which provided such a glorious pageant of colour in the parks last spring will already know their wants. But for others less fortunate, Prince of Austria of a brilliant orange scarlet, Keizerskroon and Coleur Cardinal are a trio of splendid early varieties, with perhaps the tall pure white White Swan added for its value for cutting. Among Darwins, Clara Butt and Baronne de la Tonnaye are two fine pinks. Farncombe Sanders, a rose scarlet; Pride of Haarlem, a rich carmine; Harry Veitch, blood red; La Tulipe Noire, dark maroon; and the lavender heliotrope Rev. Ewbank and the deeper Wm. Copland are all worth a place both for their vigour and colour. For the charming May-flowering cottage tulips, which should certainly be given a place along with the Darwins, there are none better than the two Inglescombes, Pink and Yellow, the scarlet Gesneriana spathulata, Bronze Queen, Mrs. Moon, Ellen Willmott and The Fawn. To those one might add a few of the Parrot tulips with their fantastic feathered petals, which are available in mixture as well as in separate varieties, one of the most striking being the



NARCISSUS RIFTS IN THE SHRUBBERY. NOTE THE IRREGULAR OUTLINE OF THE INDIVIDUAL CLUMPS TO PROVIDE A NATURAL EFFECT.

comparatively new Fantasy, a magnificent pink, and a sport from Clara Butt, to complete a good and representative collection which will provide a bright display when flowering-time comes round, and gives the artistic planter ample scope for his imagination in the arrangement of the most charming colour schemes for his spring beds and borders.

Among the bulb catalogues we have received, and which will prove of assistance in the making out of the bulb order, are those from Messrs. Sutton and Sons, Reading; Messrs. Carter and Co., Raynes Park; Messrs. Webb,

Stourbridge; Messrs. Little and Ballantyne, Carlisle; the Buckland Flower Farm, Kingsbridge, Devon, and Mr. H. C. Palmer, Combe-in-Teignhead, Newton Abbot, South Devon (home-grown bulbs); Messrs. Austin and McAslan, Glasgow; Messrs. Barr and Wellband, Spalding; Messrs. Van Tubergen, Limited, Haarlem, Holland; and Messrs. Waterer, Sons and Crisp, Twyford, Berks.

DYKES ON IRISES

THE Iris Society is to be congratulated on its enterprise and diligence in publishing such an important volume, *Dykes on Irises*, edited by Geo. Dillistone (The Iris Society, 12s. 6d.). The book covers a vast field and is a reprint of the more outstanding and important contributions of the late W. R. Dykes to various journals and periodicals during the last twenty years of his life. It is fitting that such an enormous amount of scattered material, much of it the result of many years' patient study and research, should be brought together within the limits of a single volume and thus made more readily available to the student as well as to the general gardener, and no more appropriate publisher could have been found for the work than the Iris Society.

The contributions have been carefully chosen and any tendency to duplication avoided, and they cover the author's invaluable observations on practically every aspect of iris cultivation. The book is a storehouse of good, sound material ably and clearly presented, for Dykes not only possessed recondite knowledge of his subject, but also unusual skill in the presentation and marshalling of his facts so that he made a technical subject teem with vitality. He had the rare combination of a practical mind and artistic perception which enabled him to be of real service to the gardener and to the genus which owes so much to his labours. All the essays, so wide in their range and so rich in their information, show a learning graced with the charm of sympathetic understanding and clear interpretation, and they will be found as interesting and as instructive to the general gardener as well as to the iris specialist, and it is particularly convenient to have them all carefully selected and brought together in this volume. It is a fitting monument to a name which will for ever be associated with the iris, and it could come from no better and more responsible source than the Society whose birth was in a large measure due to the untiring efforts of W. R. Dykes.

An interesting little volume, *Some Favourite Flowers and their Wild Relations*, by Ottoline Marshall (Sheldon Press, 1s. 6d.), in which the author traces the likeness between our cultivated garden plants and their wild relations should do much to widen the vision of all youthful gardeners. The author believes, and rightly so, that a knowledge of a plant in the wild will make for its more successful cultivation in the garden, and it is with the object of imprinting this fact clearly on the minds of young gardeners that the book has been written. It presents a clear picture of how the more common inmates of the modern garden have originated and how they have been developed and improved. It is a most instructive and interesting essay lucidly written and with all the essential facts clearly presented, and should encourage both children and the adult beginner to pursue their gardening studies with greater zest.

A useful handbook for the botanical student and of some interest to the teacher of systematic botany is *Our Catkin-Bearing Plants*, by H. Gilbert Carter (Mr. Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, 4s. 6d.). It gives a short systematic account of the catkin-bearing trees that are commonly met with on field excursions and also of the methods adopted by the author in the teaching of systematic botany, where he has attempted to present to the student an idea of the living plant as a whole and all its essential characters. It is simple both in style and arrangement, clearly written, and as interesting for its material as for its fresh outlook and treatment of the subject.

The Garden Editor of "Country Life" will be pleased to reply to readers' queries on gardening problems and will welcome correspondence of gardening interest.